

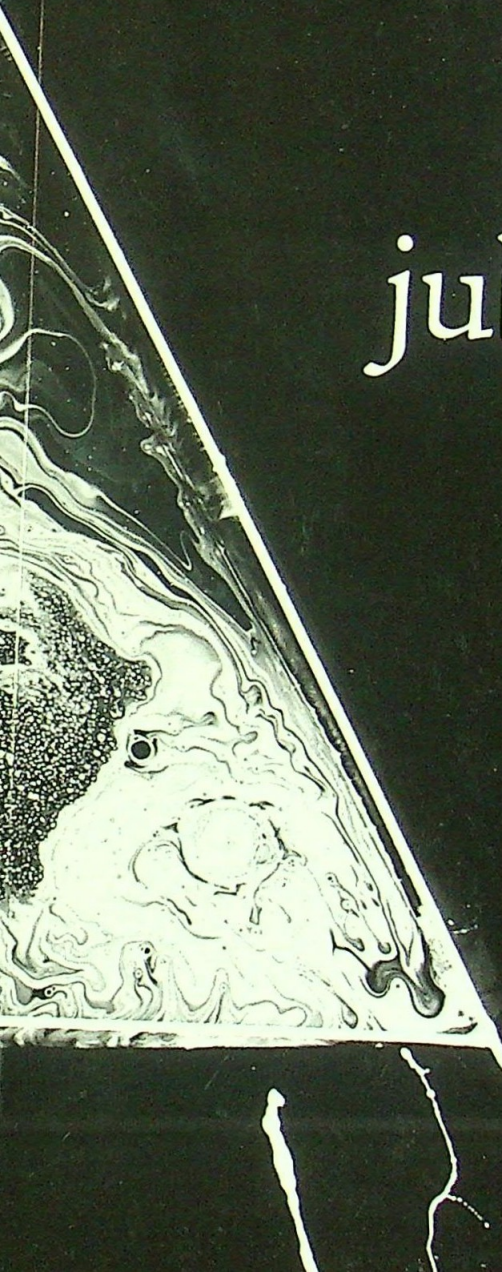
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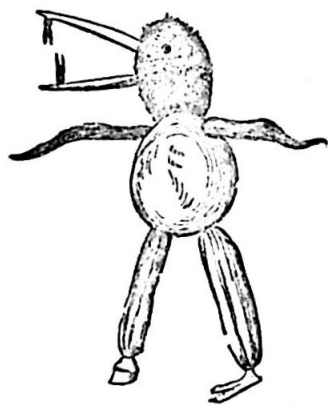






# jubilat

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*Rick Myers*

# INTERNATIONAL CLASSIFICATION OF DISEASES-10 F94.0: SELECTIVE MUTISM

*Helene Achanzar*

I find you in your coffee. Being you must feel  
like the carnival. You are so often like yourself: a cup  
in one hand. I have one face. You have one cup. I'll make  
no spectacle, but like the carnival, I have many songs.

Inhale, my grace note. Then a song not empty – just rest  
after rest. It could be easy: *Hello, my name is*  
Anything can be a door if you give it a push. You don't see  
me in my dress. You don't see my lipstick. Two doors.

It is pretty to think you will say hello. There is no difference  
in your day empty of me. My dress. You must feel  
like the carnival. It is where things go around: The mouth  
of a cup, doors, a song. It is everything and nothing is—

I am not in your coffee. I imagine you in my dress.  
Dissonance of a hand against a cup. Your going, my open.  
Two doors. The carnival is spectacle after spectacle.  
It is what I want.        It is what I will not do.

Dissonance means too many songs play at once.  
You in my dress is a kind of spectacle. My lipstick  
on your hand is a different kind of spectacle. If you want  
to empty yourself into me, I will hold the grace note.

The carnival is a kingdom of light and sound.  
There are many songs. None of them is named *Hello*.  
It is not that kind of spectacle. It is your going fist,  
my open face. Speak to the doors of my body. Give it a push.

It could be easy: Knock on the door of my dress.  
Sonorous hand. I want it to speak to that daily regard,  
speak to why you never upturn your mouth. Come out  
of your coffee. Come out of my dress. Be a spectacle.

You are so often like yourself. Your fist can go.  
My face can open. I can be pushed. Still I want  
to speak this carnival of my mouth. What song  
I wouldn't sing to enter the empty kingdom of your hand.

# IN THE CITY (OR: TOKYO, 1916)

Ryūnosuke Akutagawa

I.

Not as lovely, eerie blue as match flames in the breeze.

II.

*"In what way do you love the city?"—like a woman, with a labyrinthine history.*

III.

In the park, withered grass, candied in snow.

IV.

The solemn red brick prison had put me in mind of medieval times—had it not been for the guards, I would not have been surprised to see Joan of Arc herself on her horse flying through the gates.

V.

Quote from a certain hostess I knew—"I can't. Tonight I have the cutlery."  
(Meaning: it was her turn to wash and dry the forks and knives.)

VI.

Suzukake trees proliferating on the roadside. Nearly no sawtooth oaks or trident maples. Police on patrol pass these trees multiple times per day, unaware of the ancient literary lineage of their name.

## VII.

A young geisha walking my way stopped five or six steps ahead of me and raised her hand in greeting. I also stopped, charmed but ultimately confused. When I glanced behind me, however, I saw a second young geisha standing there with her hand raised too.

## VIII.

Things that depress me—chimneys coated in khaki lacquer; rusty tracks that trains can't cross; monkeys caged in rooftop gardens.

IX.

I was passing through an alley at one in the morning. There were two workers splattered with mud fixing the gas pipes underground. My path was blocked by a mountain of shoveled-up mud. On the peak sat an enormous torch, its flame convulsing in the windstorm. There was no way through except over the mountain and the torch made this impossible. As I was about to turn back, the blackened upper half of a body emerged from a giant hole in the pavement. It was the younger of the two workers; he moved the torch aside then disappeared back into the hole. Thanking him under my breath, more than anything else I felt sorry for myself.

X.

Sumida River at midnight: no matter how one tries, one cannot surpass the words of the poet S.M. —“...flowing, like bean jelly.”

XI.

Voice of a child, “Mr. XX, let’s play!”—charting her voice’s rise and fall: “Mr. XX” (#“Mr.”—angled approximately 30° up and to the right); “let’s play!” (#“play!”—also angled approximately 30° up and to the right). — When will these tones leave the ear?

XII.

The ways in which a blaze resembles a temple festival.

XIII.

Tokyo winters, the color of pickled vegetable stems—*especially* on the fringes.



#### XIV.

A good place to think something through is at a table in the farthest corner of a café; a good place to feel solitude is in the center of a crowded sidewalk; a good place to find calm is in the corridors of a theatre right as the curtains are being raised...

*February 1927*

*Translated by Ryan C. K. Choi*

# SOCIAL RELATIONS

*Daniel Borzutzky*

In the strange crowds in the hungry village on the subway platform  
in the history of the lyric

There are corpses everywhere

There are murderous cops everywhere

There are Uber drivers everywhere corpses everywhere

In 2011 it cost \$188 to produce an iPhone

The iPhones sold for \$599

The profit margin was 69%

No one saw how the immigrants were chained along the stretch of  
desert road

They weren't corpses yet But the bones of their cousins were scattered  
in the sand on the playgrounds in the rock gardens in the milk and  
fruit and honey

The profit margin per iPhone decreased 6% between 2011 and 2017  
yet overall revenues increased 200% because of a dramatic increase in  
production

There's a dead body in the dumpster behind the dry cleaner's

There's a dead coyote in the dumpster behind the television station

There's a time for cooling down and when the cop knocks on my door and asks me for my number I identify myself and he says why did you try to escape and I said I did not try to escape and he sang a song that began with a conditional continued in the subjunctive mood ended with an imperative an unanswerable question an insult a beating

The bed is not a place of peace there are bodies under the bed there are children hiding with the bodies under the bed dead dogs the history of our reproduction the history of the skin they ripped from our arms of the dead skin that fell from our hands of the gunk that fell from our eyeballs of our hair follicles

We can analyze the dead bodies by talking about the circulation of capital interest on loans the social relationship of labor the relationship between money and value the regulation and deregulation of national and international markets the alienation of labor the love between user and operating system about which so romantic movies are now made

Or we could talk about murder

It's indecent to ask why one man is so rich when another is so poor

There are corpses in so many closets

The workers put in eight-hour days but it only takes three hours of labor for the company to recoup its production costs

Marx referred to that five-hour difference as surplus labor

Surplus labor is the root of profit

Private property sustains itself while creating dead bodies and inciting the revolution of the proletariat

Unmelodious sentence

The white fathers are disenfranchised

There are corpses in the white fathers' closets

The average retailer makes a 400% profit on a dead body

It doesn't cost very much to make a dead body in countries without unions or labor regulations

The workers understand that value is a social relation    labor is a social relation

They tell their children that if there's one thing they should understand about history    it's that labor and value are both social relations and if we need to destroy private property in order to smash the bourgeoisie then so be it

To get back to a 3% growth rate    which most economists argue is necessary for sustainable capitalism    we will need to destroy ourselves and the planet and the fathers and the sisters and the earth and the sea and the dolphins and political frameworks of the global south and the overdeveloped north and the underdeveloped east

And if we need to use violence to save the planet from total global destruction at the hands of unregulated capitalism    then here    take this baseball bat and smash some windows please    sang the president of The World Bank to the labor union

He wanted the media to think he was not in the pocket of the wealthy fathers

The revolution had already been commodified but what had yet to be accomplished was the funding of a legitimate resistance movement to be built up then obliterated by all the tanks and troops and weapons at the disposal of the state and its financiers

My neighbor retired with no pension and now he eats cat food and rotten vegetables from the dumpster

He left his house one morning and forgot to wear his shoes he forgot to wear his socks and forgot to wear his pants he forgot to wear his shirt and he forgot to wear his coat

I'm sorry he told his children when they found him with hypothermia near the river

The only explanation he could give *I forgot I was looking for food*





## HOW WORDS SURFACE: AN INTERVIEW WITH EMILY BREWSTER

*jubilat* recently sat down with Emily Brewster, Associate Editor at Merriam-Webster. Brewster is a lexicographer who has worked on the definitions for such common (and complicated) words as “a” and “love.” During this interview, attention turned to the concept of private versus public—specifically, words and their transitions between the private and public. The following conversation explores the nature and substance of this exchange.

**JUBILAT:** *To begin, I'd like to get a sense of the lexicographer's role in shaping our language. Has the role evolved—and, if so, does this speak to the way we (as a society) view or interact with the words we use?*

**EMILY BREWSTER:** The lexicographer doesn't intend to shape the language; that's really the antithesis of our aim, which is to catalog the established words of the language.

But I suppose some degree of shaping is inevitable, as it's really a kind of dance that's done between the users of the language and the dictionary makers following behind them, making note of that twirl of a usage, this spin of a new word. (And I'm told that some dictionary users—especially writers—take cues from words they happen to brush against in nearby entries.)

We define the words that a significant portion of users have accepted, and the users look to us to see what words we've assessed as established.

If this role has changed over time I think it's only in that in recent years people seem to have come to recognize that the dictionary doesn't spring ex nihilo into existence. It's the work of a group of (human, fallible) people. And what was once a relationship with a great chasm of unknowing at its core—we didn't know what definitions people read or why, and people generally knew nothing about lexicography—is now a much more intimate one.

*At Merriam-Webster, you're on the lookout for new words which may need to make their way into the dictionary. Tell us about this process—how you identify a new word, what you may or may not know about its origin(s), what happens to a word as you watch it, and how you know it's time to give that word a place in the dictionary.*



I can't help but notice new words and new uses of existing words. Once you do this kind of work for any amount of time the pitch of the new is one you can't unhear.

My nonworking life is frequently interrupted by a quick email to myself about a word I've just encountered in a conversation, heard on the radio, noticed in a TV show.

My working life is a more planned pursuit: I scan sources for new words and uses, and get Google alerts for phrases like "new word" and "is defined as."

I make note of new words in a giant shared spreadsheet that all the Merriam-Webster editors use, and I spend some time collecting evidence of the word in the wild and adding it to our files.

I usually get a sense of the word's origin in that process, but formally determining etymology is not my role as a definer. A number of editors, myself included, assess which candidates in that shared spreadsheet meet our (intentionally vague) criteria for entry: significant use over an extended period of time in a variety of sources.

Other editors use the same criteria when assessing evidence for words in a particular alphabetical range (e.g. radish to rampant, dastard to dear), or relating to a particular subject (e.g. gender and sexuality, astronomy).

The flexibility of the criteria is essential, because some words spread so far so fast that they demonstrate likely staying power almost immediately (the Twitter sense of "tweet," for example), while others are appropriate for entry despite being found only in limited sources because they're known and used by all the people in some professional field.



It happens in conversation, of course, and it happens between writer and reader, between performer and audience. Before the Internet, we had gatekeepers, mostly in the form of editors. They kept some lexical memes from surfacing quickly, but not so much anymore. It's not at all clear what makes a particular meme so contagious, but a teenager in Chicago can share a Vine video about her eyebrows being on fleek and within four months "fleek" is in advertising copy by the likes of Taco Bell.

If a word can be considered to have "surfaced" in a language when it's familiar to and used by some critical mass of the language's speakers, then the Internet has made it possible for a word to surface almost immediately after it's coined.



*Earlier, we had talked about how words change over time—even those words with long histories and (seemingly) well-established usage. It is perhaps understandable that new words might shift and slip around until they settle comfortably into their skin, but what about these older words? What accounts for the evolution of “established” words?*

What usually happens with established words is that they gain new meanings while still retaining the original or older ones. It all comes down to pragmatics. Extending the meaning of an existing word is far more efficient than creating a whole new word.

A poker player's tell—a behavior or mannerism that betrays something about them to the benefit of other players—“tells” something. Calling that behavior or mannerism a “tell” is a very elegant solution to the question of how to refer to such a thing. Someone encountering the use for the first time is likely to understand it immediately. That elegance is also at work when the new meaning is semantically very different from the original but is connected by analogy.

The computer mouse (which of course originally always had a cord/tail) is reminiscent of the creature mouse; the “ghosting” that takes place when someone abruptly cuts off all communication with someone else is evocative (and catchy) because the original meaning of the term “ghost” is so specific and evocative.

*Do you feel that the evolution a word experiences through time reflects this private-public exchange we've been talking about?*

The individual's language is their own: it's a hand, it's a gesture, it's an impulse like sinking and rising to a beat; on the most basic level we don't think it at all, it's us. And when a new usage makes sense, when it glances off some secret cluster of neurons in the brain in just the right way, we say,



“oh, right,” and adopt it as one of our own because now it is.

There’s an intimacy inherent in the adoption of a word or use, but also a faith in the viability of that linguistic item. We need it to function, to do what we want it to do, otherwise it’s of no use.

*How does “power” fit into the discussion, here? When it comes to definition(s) and usage, we start to wonder about authority and influence—who is responsible for the way we relate to a given word? How much control does the coiner, the everyday user, the lexicographer, actually have?*

We all learn the great bulk of our vocabulary from encountering words out in the world, not from some meta-text like a dictionary. We’re remarkably adept at determining meaning based on context. This means that to my mind, the power is all in the user’s hands—though those users do not all have the same power.

A prominent cultural figure or work can introduce a population to a term and have a far greater effect on that word’s usage than a dictionary ever could.

I suspect that most of the time, people use a dictionary to confirm that a word does indeed mean what they think it means. They already know and use it.

As for the coiner, they cede control immediately (unless the term is a trademark, in which case it’s not so immediate). The guy who invented the gif says it’s pronounced like the peanut butter, but he can’t stop the millions of people from pronouncing it like “gift” without the “t.”

*English is marked by the constant absorption, invention, and transformation of words. Is there a time in its history where things were less active—and, is*

**ubiquitarian** \ˈyʊˌbɪkwɪˈtɪəriən\ *n* -s *usu cap*: one of a school of Luther-  
clergymen holding that as Christ is omnipresent his body  
everywhere (as in the Eucharist)  
**ubiquitarianism** \yʊˌbɪkwɪˈtɪəriənɪzəm\ *n* -s *usu cap* [ubiquity + -ism]  
: the doctrine that Christ's body is omnipresent  
**ubiquitous** \-wəˈdʒəs, -wəˈtəs\ *adj* [ubiquity + -ous]: exist-  
ing everywhere at the same time: occurring or capab-  
le of appearing everywhere or in many places through-  
out a particular area, sphere, or production: OMNIPRESENT  
little wolf of the high country —*Amer. Guide Series* (C-  
bricks) ... made from a ~ gray mud —*Christopher*  
(the ~ functionalism of modern society — *Hannah A*  
(nothing) ... escapes the ~ eyes of our Treasury Depart-  
ment (Harvey Breit) (the ~ paperbacks ... — *Bookman*  
J. Redding) — **ubiquitously** *adv* — **ubiquity** *n*

**ubiquity** \-wəˈdʒəti\ *n* -ies [ˌyʊˌbɪkwɪˈtɪti] *n* -ties

*it likely that English will reach a period of stagnation in the future? How does this activity compare to that of other languages?*

I'm not a scholar of historical linguistics, but it's clear that lexicons expand when language groups come into contact with one another. The Norman Invasion in 1066 ushered in a period of great expansion for English, as a French dialect was actively inserted into the lives of English speakers, with a lot of prestige attached to it.

American English was initially shaped by Native American languages and then by the languages of various immigrant groups. English is especially able to absorb foreign vocabulary, not in small part due to its relative lack of inflections, and it seems to me that the only thing that would be likely to significantly stifle the expansion of the English lexicon would be some kind of isolation of the kind dreamed up in dystopian fiction.

*Words facilitate communication, but they also seem to be the building blocks of thought itself. Do you agree? It is difficult to imagine engaging in the sort of complex thinking we do as humans without this material—the word. When working on a definition, how do you relate to the idea that your result may influence the way a person (today or far into the future) defines or perceives their reality?*

Oh, heavens. I can't even consider that. I'd never write another definition.

*Photographs courtesy of Merriam-Webster.*

# ZYGOTE

*Sommer Browning*

When a woman reads an entire novel in her lap  
in one night and the first person she sees  
upon waking is a man.

When a bird shits into a swimming pool  
while a man and woman are swimming.

When a woman breaks three glasses  
in three days and on the third day calls her mother  
but her mother doesn't answer  
because she was in a car accident.

When a man sends a woman a pen  
through the mail, but the woman  
never opens the package because she is out  
purchasing a pregnancy test.

After a woman follows a man to a big city  
and there lives with him in a box the woman  
must eventually get a good job.

When a mommy and daddy love each other  
very much.

When another woman asks a woman  
about the kind of granola she recommended last Tuesday  
and this makes the second woman cry



because the first woman is trying so hard to ask something stupid and normal.

When a woman is very smart.

When a woman has asthma and wins third place for sports and knocks over a display of Teddy Grahams and has never seen a movie more than once.

When three guitar strings break during a performance. When four break, it is also true. And also when five and six break, and seven, eight & nine and it is just easier to say: When more than three guitar strings break during a performance.

When a woman is alone.

When a woman passes a chicken egg on the street and then enters a building.

## CONTEXT

To get a moonburn  
You have to be as  
Sensitive as a Pisces.

It has been 42 years  
Since I've come home  
From the hospital.

Everyone there was sick of writing  
Metaphors because  
Real life is flaky.

I left to pick up milk  
And never came back;  
I want to hear that story.

The American night is young.

I think about getting killed  
By a dunebuggy.  
I care little  
For shame.

You were happy until  
You weren't.

And you were  
Until you weren't.  
Rather, you are until you weren't.

How a lover's mouth in your ear  
Isn't a wet willy,  
It's communication.

And you're drunk

Before the glass dents your lip.

Pay attention to the Benadryl  
Greasing your brain.

It's a little like love.  
It's a little like buying a lover a plane ticket.

# *from* JUNE

*Jos Charles*

We drank Our  
mouths a  
blue with blood

I can't Wearing a star  
she wrote  
what is needed is  
a history of  
mouths

Already noon over  
filled

with houseplants

Nothing personal Identity  
mothlight  
certain trajectories  
possible given certain points  
Red june  
too  
warding off a horizon  
we move to  
affects a color  
a field of it place one  
atop  
another

By the banks  
I find you One wind on a microphone

When you  
touch long  
irretrievable now  
beside you again  
    me again  
in the dark of my certainty  
I hold like a stone and  
even you I turn  
my head to a thousand possible things  
gone cannot touch it is all I hold  
now and spring

# EPIGRAPHS, HENRI COLE

[for *The Marble Queen*]

Future joys are like tropic shores: out into the immensity that lies before them  
they waft their native softness, a fragrant breeze that drugs the traveler into  
drowsiness and makes him careless of what awaits him on the horizon beyond  
his view.

—*Madame Bovary*, Gustave Flaubert

[for *The Look of Things*]

And least will guess that with our bones  
We left much more, left what still is  
The look of things, left what we felt  
At what we saw.

—"A Postcard from the Volcano," Wallace Stevens

[for *The Visible Man*]

Yes, I being  
the terrible puppet of my dreams, shall  
lavish this on you—

—"The Visible, The Untrue," Hart Crane



Truth is no Apollo  
Belvedere, no formal thing.

—"In the Days of Prismatic Color," Marianne Moore

And, if the soul is about to know itself, it must gaze into the soul.

—*Alcibiades*, Plato

[for *Middle Earth*]

Deadheading the geraniums, I see myself  
as I am, almost naked in the heat,  
trying to support a little universe  
of blackening pinks, wilted by rain and sun,  
stooping and quivering under my scissors  
as I cut the rotten blossoms from the living,  
as a man alone fills a void with words,  
not to be consoling or point to what is good,  
but to say something true that has body,  
because it is proof of his existence.

—[Henri Cole]

What high immortals do in mirth  
Is life and death on Middle Earth

—"Under Which Lyre," W. H. Auden

Wild air, world-mothering air,  
Nestling me everywhere

—"The Blessed Virgin compared to the Air we Breathe,"  
Gerard Manley Hopkins

I hate and I love. And if you ask me how,  
I do not know: I only feel it, and I'm torn in two.

—Poem 85, Catullus

[for *Blackbird and Wolf*]

The diver descends naked,  
until exhausted, drawing up the sink-stone,  
then the oysters, only to plunge again  
into the onyx river, which, like love,  
cannot grant one everything  
while transfiguring the color, form,  
and meaning of existence.

—[Henri Cole]

[for *Touch*]

Don't be an open book.

—Mother

His beak is focussed: he is preoccupied,  
looking for something, something, something.

— "Sandpiper," Elizabeth Bishop

to be free  
Is often to be lonely

—"In Memory of Sigmund Freud," W. H. Auden

[for *Nothing to Declare*]

Friendship is all the house I have.

—W. B. Yeats

The earth does not argue,  
Is not pathetic, has no arrangements,  
Does not scream, haste, persuade, threaten, promise,  
Makes no discriminations, has no conceivable failures,  
Closes nothing, refuses nothing, shuts none out.

—"To the Sayers of Words," Walt Whitman

Our bodies every seven years are completely fresh-materiald... 'T is an uneasy thought that in seven years the same hands cannot greet each other again.

—John Keats, from a letter to George and Georgiana  
Keats, September 17-27, 1819

# DISENCHANTED WOODS

*Shanna Compton*

*I sought and found  
my father's grave she said.  
Alas it is still empty.  
Ghosts, bed, the last tangle  
of the perpetual dream  
she writes most nights  
each tremble as she rises  
like the leaves of the quaking aspen  
flashing silver. I found in it  
a spiral of rope she said  
a jar of chalk.  
Around her in the trees  
she heard no doves.  
Alas she said  
there is never a body.*

# ONGOING EXPERIMENT

I wondered if wonder      would reach a terminal stop  
The tint in the air of the kitchen      in the first house

I remembered & tried not to      the odor  
of the carpet in the apartment      I never had any trouble

recalling the green paint      soothed onto  
the classroom chalkboards      I changed my name

at seven      I had some big reason, I guess  
akin to the trees in the back pasture      hours spent

watching rabbits & knowing      too much  
I pricked my fingers      with every thorn I ran across

assimilated rocks      from every dry streambed  
My name became a glyph      I carved into things

but never said aloud      All these years later  
I am the same woman      Taller & older

hungrier sure

# A VISION

*Dan Dorman*

In  
the  
hard  
arc  
of the  
mid day  
sun

e  
a  
c  
h  
  
r  
a  
y  
  
of  
  
l  
i g h t  
  
on  
  
y  
o  
u  
r  
  
s  
k  
i  
n

I.

|        |                |                     |
|--------|----------------|---------------------|
| human  | proto solution | trans               |
| fixed  | on pollution   | system error        |
| terror | ized           | moving thru forever |

|               |            |               |
|---------------|------------|---------------|
| angel         | in a       | vacant lot    |
| margarita mix | & sea salt |               |
| tomorrow      | leased     | cemetery plot |

II.

days go by w/o sound  
cursive clouds shift  
into angry mounds

III.

no parameters: tarnished transcendence  
parthenon walls burning in a parallax

broken jaw gnashing a surly pearl  
salt teeth slick when they elocute law

dumb claws scrapping at the all under sea draw  
the whole world whirling around one oblong arc

this is the story told through molecule parts  
no manic spirits alive to be awoken

all artifice enveloped in a dive fall  
leap of faith comes with no easy options

# FALL IN LOVE

*Kyle Flak*

some dreams live inside a haircut

some dreams live inside a spooky ghost car

i wonder if i am even alive

i was happy in autumn one time

walking down the street

and she nervously grabbed my hand

like it was a mysterious cupcake from mars

hey what's the deal with sad lonely diners in sad lonely towns

what's the deal with the first day of school when you're not in school  
anymore

jerry seinfeld doesn't know

my hip cool dad doesn't know either

i feel like i am driving an annoying ice cream truck into an ocean made  
entirely out of dead leaves and professional cribbage players

my mind is never made up

my face is a pair of sweatpants worn to watch saturday morning  
cartoons and eat rainbow colored cereals

please don't beat me up with that invisible echo chamber again,  
grandma



someday i might fall in love  
and make no one on earth  
so insanely happy

# TODAY'S WEATHER

today's weather is: creepy zombie mixed with 1980's electric guitar solos  
i wish that i could tell you exactly what i'm feeling,  
but does it really matter?  
for a long time i wanted to be a real poet, but then this happened:  
my one "true voice"  
kind of like a cheap bologna sandwich  
that's also an old man sneezing into a hanky  
i hope that no one likes it  
i hope that i only exist in the twilight zone  
i hope that i will one day learn how to go for a walk on a rainy day  
without having to mention the  
intense sadness of watching a crazy seagull  
flying high above a movie theatre  
at the exact moment  
when suddenly  
i miss you

# MICHAEL

*Chloe Forsell*

I smoked some cigarillos & couldn't help but notice how much the little rolls looked like fingers in my fingers. How the smoke billowed up & made my eyes sting. How there was suddenly a hand in my hand & I was crying. How five is a beautiful number: the hour in august when the streets gold & shimmer, how many rillos I smoked before I got sick, how many chances he had to stop firing so you might see again that hour in august when the streets gold how sick I got at the thought that he had a chance to stop firing so that you might smoke how many rillos shimmer the streets the thought that the streets gold how august got sick how he had a chance how many chances shimmer the thought golds how many hours in august I got the chance got sick got gold when the streets smoked stop firing

# UNEMPLOYMENTS

*Benjamin S. Grossberg*

My job is to tell you precisely where it hurts, which flexions  
elicit pain, and your job is to tell me I can go run without  
further damaging myself. You may not agree that this is your job.  
And my job is to show up in boots and denim, and tan leather

and plaid, and y-fronts and tube socks. And your job will be  
identical to my job. And your job will be to judge my job  
well done, and my job will be to perform a winning indifference.  
My job will be slow sip on a longneck. Will be beard and body

hair and brushed teeth. And yours, low lights, armpits, closed  
eyes and tank top, will be hands behind your head. Or mine  
will be couch and iPad-forefinger picture flicks. And offering  
hurts, each a small vessel of identification careful not to brim over.

Or your job will be grimace, dying heart tissue, and shouting  
discretely from the bathroom for help. Or rejecting food a little  
sharply the second time. And my job will be eating food I  
don't like. And my job will be dispensing half scoop of kibble

while your job is insinuation between my ankles and sitting up  
nearby, blinking softly. My job is stepping softly. Your job is  
seismometer for my job. And my job is huffing. (I am  
an expert huffer.) And your job is to appall with wry humor

and pictures of the porous bulbous-nosed politicians who vote  
their interests. Your job is *whitemenwhitemenwhitemen* while  
mine is to forget that I am one. Mostly. Or my job is to smell it—  
a scent registering dumbly in the mouth—that it's time to go,

and sit up slowly. And yours is lift yourself and easy shrug and find my other sock. Your job is to foreclose the foreclosure of possibility, transcendent or porcine, which happens also to be my job. Soon my job will be to remember you, and your job will be

soil intensive. Your job, generosity in a general slackening. Your job, a year-round forty degrees. And my job will be should-have-said to the snappish air. Or your job is to call me first, and my job is to call you first, which will present a problem.

Or yours is diagnosis; mine, manifestation. Or to enact—noun, verb, and adjective—*cat*. And my job to admire your job. Cat, cat. And the low chanting *Yit'gadal v'yit'kadash* at a hole in the ground. And the yes, yes, no, yes, I'd very much not like to see you again.

# BOOK OF CROSSING

*Nicholas Gulig*

1.]

The Syrian Desert does not belong to Syria. Oil lines bisect it. Its borders pass through the kingdoms of Saudi Arabia, Jordan, and the republic of Iraq.

What defines a desert is its opposite. Each year, on average, 125 millimeters of rain fall on an area of approximately 200,000 square miles, most of which evaporates.

No human has ever crossed this portion of the world without the aid of animals, recently machines.

In 2009, near the Catholic monastery of Deir Mar Musa, a team of archeologists unearth a structure dating back to the early Neolithic period.

Native to the area for nearly twenty centuries, the Bedouin have no record of these ruins, no memory. It is believed the ancients housed their dead before themselves, traveling great distances each year to mourn as a community

2.]

Increasingly familiar, the once uncharted territory of the desert's face exists primarily as reminiscence. Our earliest accounts of these topographies include the collective imaginations of nomadic tribes, partial narratives inscribed as memory on excavated tablets bearing signs extinct for centuries. These markings list the names and natures of gods and spirits native to the area.

Before Islam defined "the east," Christianity "the west," a multiplicity of vibrant histories interacted in a vital, empty space.

Experienced as sand and gravity and glass, history is the measurement by which a people express the possibility of their connection against the fact of their erasure

3.]

An invention of the Egyptians, the hourglass measures time in granulates of sand, portions of the desert lifted up and carried across its surface in the hands of slaves from conquered nations.

This sand funnels slowly through an opening, charts the movement of the earth around the sun, two spheres connected by the same energy that pulls the desert downward through a hole.

Formed by accident, the glass through which the sand descends first appeared in either Syria or Mesopotamia. Humans melting metal, making weapons

4.]

Glass results from an eruption of the earth's interior, toward and through its surface, as sand that lightning strikes by chance and changes.

Lightning meets the surface of the earth approximately 100 times per second, a brief and volatile connection.

As wave and particle, the light that strikes the desert passes through an even vaster space, a substance claimed in the Old Testament and the Qur'an as void or chaos, both of which are nothing and predate the earth, its violent history, and hold it

5.]

Discovered in the summer of 2005, in Syria, the bones of a previously unknown species of megafauna camel show the animal to have been slaughtered by early humans while drinking from a pool.

Dating back approximately 100,000 years, the remains were not originally identified as belonging to the dromedary.

Present at the excavation site, a young American removes layers of dust and sand from the hoof of the giant ungulate. The desert sets behind him.

Years later, this same man will be arrested for attempting to firebomb a research facility at Michigan Technological University.

Sitting in Ohio, in his cell, the American remembers clearly the wind that lifted the desert up and set it down again in drifts, recalling, with a calm and dangerous nostalgia, the pound of dirt and bone still sleeping after centuries.

All this time the light attached by light,  
there between his hands

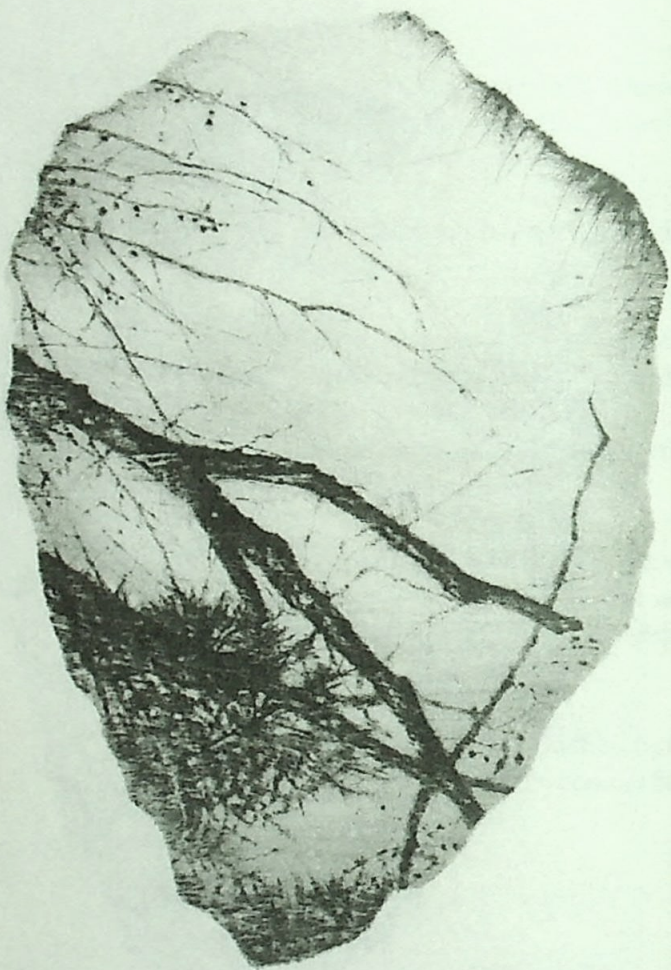


PUDDLE 1, DRYPOINT, 2017



## PRINTS

*Anita S. Hunt*

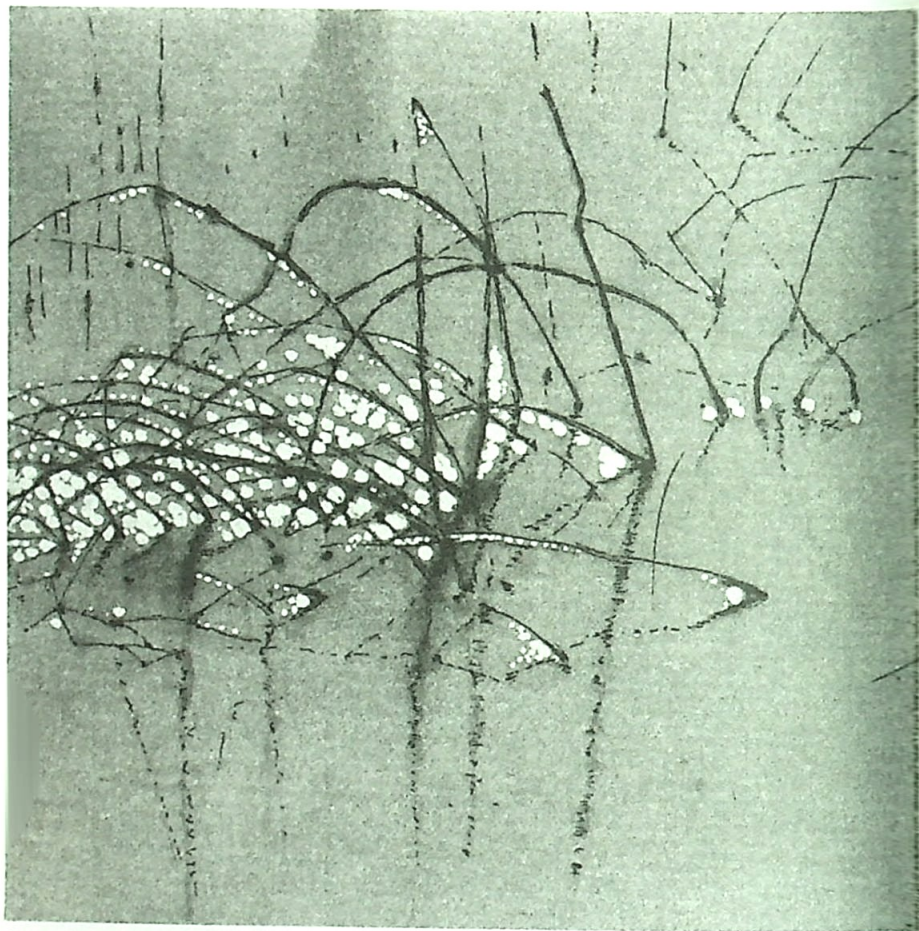


PUDDLE 2, DRYPOINT, 2017

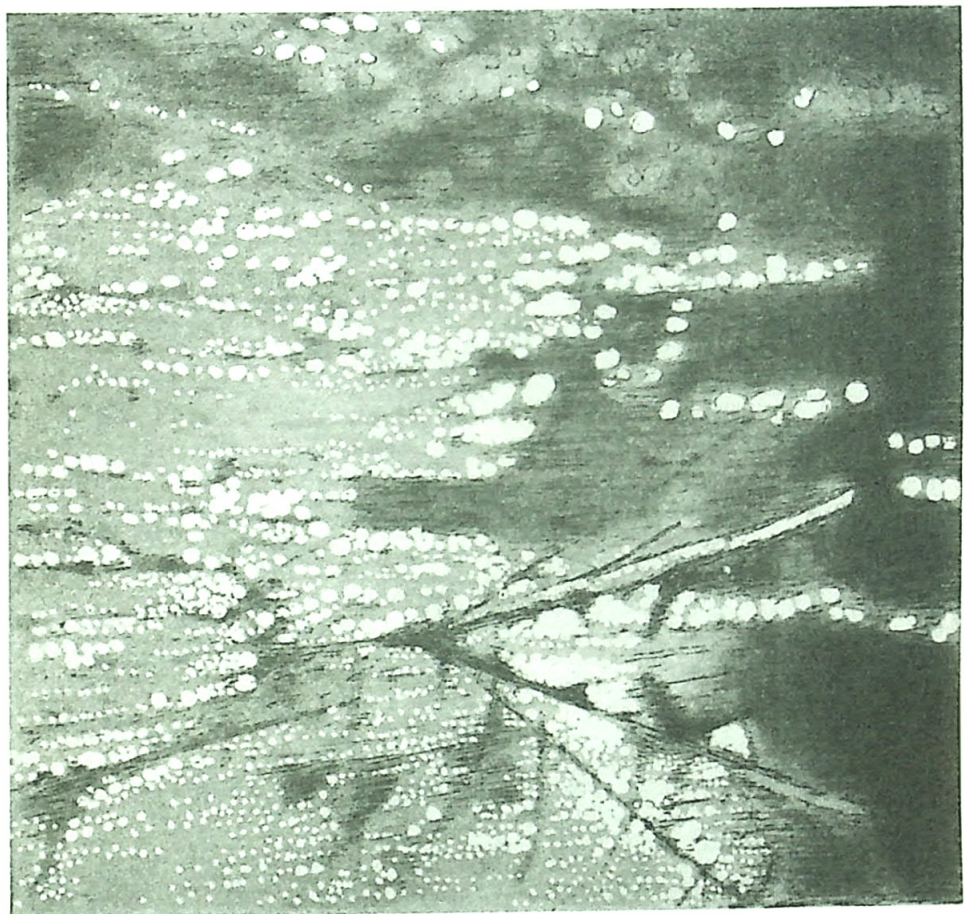


SPARKLE, DRYPOINT



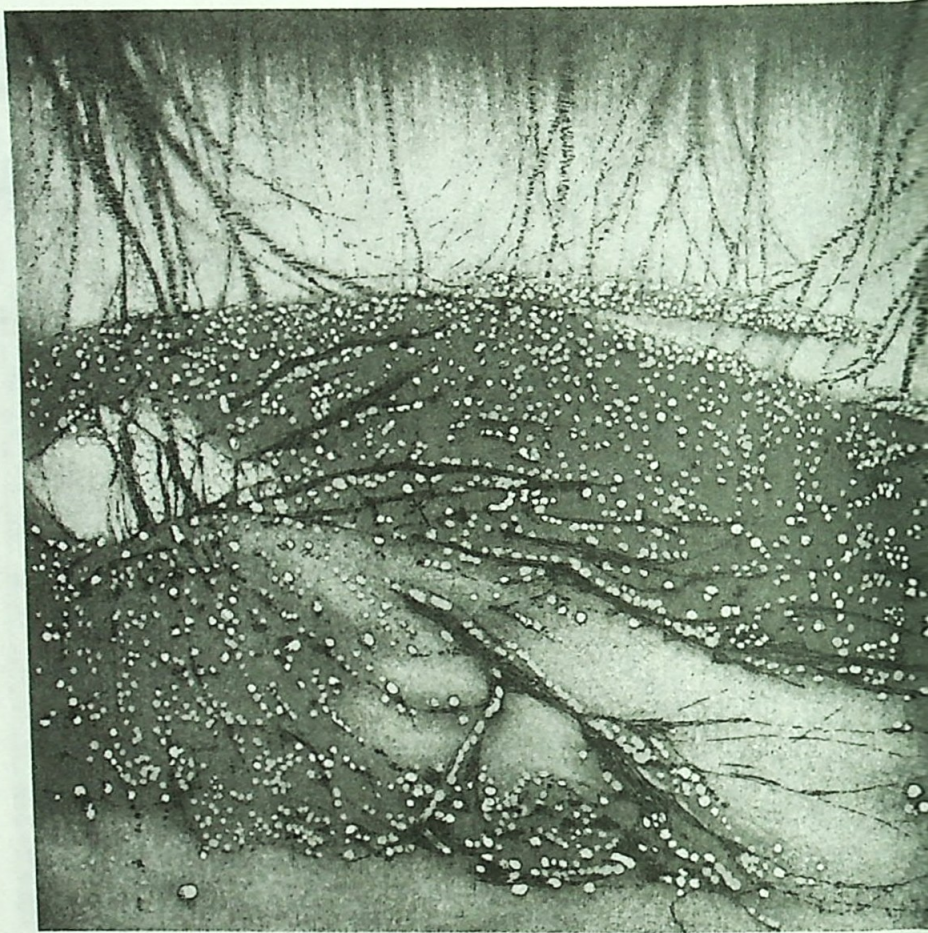


*QUIET LIGHT*, ETCHING



ARROW, ETCHING





MAGIC SWAMP, ETCHING

# THE WAY

*Jesse Lee Kercheval*

they carry

the red umbrellas

their shirts buttoned all the way up

rude smitten      the strangeness

opening up

# THERE'S A MILLION AND

one fish in there. Look. They're  
infinitesimal. Divine the division  
that makes each one, the insanity, zeal  
the first bus stop on the journey, on-ramp  
in a long line of fertility. Use your eyes  
or close them and feel blindly what  
is there, drowning in *now*  
like a wave. Don't swim away.  
Stay. Reality is invisible. Alive.

There's a million and



# TRAIN

What is serious is moving, rust  
does not stop it. What is serious  
is moving. Back when movement  
was happiness, desire was  
being or not being the train,  
which isn't the tracks, endless  
unmoving or the whistle dying  
dying already gone. What  
is moving is serious, the train  
does not end here. Here  
the whistle passes from moment  
to memory, from the page  
to a long —————

# ODE ON A BUOY

Mark Leidner

I'm sitting on the deck of the *Fantasy*                      on day three of a five-day Carnival Cruise-  
We've just left Key West                                      and in the harbor is a pale green buoy  
bobbing by in waves as blue                              as waves in the painting of some old master  
half-remembered, hardly visited, and hung              in some unheralded corner of the Louvre.  
Six or seven times, right over my head, the enormous ship's enormous horn just blew  
and like white mice, or water mites,                      all the little schooners, skiffs, and dinghies,  
sailboats, party barges, yachts and jerskis                      recreating in the harbor  
fled the path of the *Fantasy*,                      turning, slothlike, west and south into the open water  
of the Gulf,                      Keys peeling away                      behind the pale green buoy  
until it is the only thing I see besides the sea—pea green, not pale—bobbing dutifully,  
nodding hypnotically, knowing nothing, nobly, robotically, tall in small sun,              knocked  
backward,                      chop-slapped, wake-clapped,                      green-glad, rustily butlering  
the eye through the sum of the sun, knowing nothing,                      and I'm seeing it all  
through the *Fantasy's* white-painted, iron-wire railing,                      which keeps me  
aboard                      as it cuts the ocean up like a musical measure on watery paper,  
and now the bobbing buoy,                      moving through the measure as the *Fantasy* passes it by  
is like the rise, the fall, the rising fall and falling rise              of a melody I can't hear, yet can  
love,                      the imagination of which is the same as the experience of.

# PRESIDENTIAL FRONTRUNNERS

Dog with a tail in its forehead.  
Skeleton washing its hands with soap.  
Hourglass with a Hitler moustache.  
Designer handbag in front of a waterfall.  
Pile of jackets on the bed with a law degree.  
Asp curled around a red, white and blue tinfoil pinwheel.  
Jewelry box full of applesauce kept in the fridge.  
Ziplock bag full of Bay Area fog.  
Pitiless Olympian.  
Oligarch in flannel.  
Coked-out history professor.  
Unpublished memoirist.  
Unfunny satirist.  
Unrepentantly racist centaur.  
Sasquatch in a straightjacket.  
Newly unthawed woolly mammoth.  
Lemming in a jetpack.  
All-khaki grim reaper.  
Watermelon with a javelin through it.  
Half-melted ice sculpture of Lincoln.  
Nixon mask stretched over a basketball.  
Hot air balloon with no one in it.  
Red-eyed cyborg with a Leninism chip.  
Pinocchio whose nose is a selfie stick.  
Barista who knows every customer's full name.  
Restaurateur whose "tapas" are actually full meals.  
Surf-bro who claims to be able to control the waves.  
Shaman for whom hours pass as years.  
Mill wheel stuck in a frozen creek.  
:) fingerpainted on a wrecking ball.  
:) drawn in crayon on a mirror.  
Ghostbuster who refuses to lift a finger.

# IN EVERY SQUARE

*Lesle Lewis*

She's afraid of overcoats in her dream, not mine.

One for you and one for you.

Because she has to.

Two horses and one boat.

The "I" card falls first in the rain.

Your woes will be brief.

Orange, the fruit.

Meanwhile, the cattle and boulders hunch in the field.

This is your state of drifting in the sunset bus.

And these are the physical properties of matter and mattering, squashed by what's unspoken and unillustrated.

No pictures of the high-heeled trucks and the book drums or the pineapple town or rabbit pipe or fish chain.

Not smoke, but about smoke.

We take the bridge to pieces.

On the other side, people are bigger or there are no people.

# AN OPEN EASY DOOR

If there is a couple.

If there is not.

One will die before another.

If your little life.

A pentimento.

If you loved a banjo.

If you skipped the night.

If this is a post virtual reality crash.

If the text meanders.

Some carbon dioxide removal.

If these are flirtations.

What we share to be this "we."

Between one meal and another.

When we look into the mirror.

We are in a restaurant.

Whoever I look at, for a minute, I understand.

I have ideas.

If the rain.

A futile rain, a cement rain, an odd-shaped rain, a death rain, a newborn rain, a modest rain, a stopped rain, a coffee rain, a yellow rain.

Crows, babies.

If this is hope's anchor.

If this is the key to unlock the heart-shaped lock on your door.

If we are scarecrows in a garden by the sea.

If the house has a lake with a swan.

The swan has a lake.

We are less forlorn.

If the train whistle, the valley, the clouds.

If a white horse grazes in a distant field.

Exciting as can be.

Dog man sit.

# THEME AND VARIATION

*Sandra Lim*

A frightened happiness went through him  
now, and in secret, at the prospect of a different world  
with her. He appeared the affronted loner,  
but it was she who had never been loved or saved;  
her rooms were immaculate.  
He found the stars extravagant that winter,  
and impossible to resist. Certain conditions prevailed  
in his fine mathematical mind: time is fixed,  
and ends are certain. Clarity and justice.  
For her, every confrontation left a burnt place in creation,  
fastening its moment in the ultimate heart  
of things. But it kept multiplying what could never take place.  
She fretted about all her hope running out, whereas he became  
preoccupied with systems. The stars never change  
their places, though what potential this afforded, he wondered.

# ENDINGS

The story has two endings.

It has one ending

and then another.

Do you hear me?

I do not have the heart

to edit the other out.



## CHANSON DOUCE

I hold a creamy little baby  
to my chest. She assents to my embrace. I inquire  
about my species: she has a look  
of true, plain being.  
She is need itself. Sucking. Crying.  
Otherwise, her expression is basically  
serious, and the devotion she summons, famously  
brutal. Her mother would die for her,  
the old, old story.

Part of me watches the rest of me being  
anxious, superior, and invaded  
by longing. These rank weeds spring up  
beside a curious sense  
of sequel. I remember it sharply now: a little  
time ago, wishing I had something  
new, and the strain of it  
nearly killing me. There was  
no deeper meaning.

# LIMITS OF GODHOOD

*Christopher Lirette*

Krishna was a blue warrior a seducer Jesus  
swung a hammer until his right bicep bulged with the muscle  
of creation like you he couldn't stay dead

Muhammed the born-again businessman  
Siddhartha the celebrity prince They bore the weight  
of their cash until it crashed through their backs

like a cast-iron stove on water-logged flooring  
General Guan was a general carrying a hundred-and-eight-pound  
horsecutter through the knees of man and beast

Imhotep was an architect Anansi the spider like you  
wasn't a human he liked to tell stories was employed as a grifter  
You broke bread with blue men

and gods with hammers Your best friend habitually punctured  
men's knees with his metal bones But needing to pay bills  
like any god found work as a teacher Cross

cash or blood the body has its limits  
Beyond which things get unpredictable

# TRUE BLUE

*Randall Mann*

The whine  
of the 24-  
line—  
anymore,  
what's  
it for?  
Like a sale  
on sale,  
I bought  
the thought:  
I'm not  
staying.

Was I  
trying  
to fit  
California  
into  
Connecticut?  
Without  
doubt.  
The body  
settles  
itself—  
I lie

on the right  
side

of the bed  
instead  
of hope.  
I pick out  
and lay out  
my workout  
outfit  
the night  
before.  
To cope.

Lotions  
and potions  
lance  
emotions.  
A boil.  
Silence  
your new  
humiliation,  
a stylistic  
tic.  
No pic,  
no dial.

We'll  
always  
have Russian  
dressing  
at the mall,  
TGI Fridays.  
My oligarch  
after dark.

Our plans  
second-  
hand  
fashion.

Middle-  
class as  
a buffet,  
my gay  
life measured  
out  
in Madonna  
LPs—please  
play  
*True Blue*.  
Admit it.  
You hate it.

Does that  
hurt.  
It's not  
a question.  
Your face  
transformed  
into a bird's.  
You changed  
your thoughts  
and had  
the haunts  
of birds.

I scour  
the street  
for meat.  
Controlled  
transparency,  
the hours.  
Flies,  
sated  
elsewise.  
My pump-  
and-dump  
romance:

goodbye.  
You once  
said  
your safe  
word  
was *sneeze*  
*guard*—  
that's two.  
That's us.  
Please.  
You  
are gorgeous.

# BRIEF DIALOGUE WITH SELF

Maggie Millner

I can't write it that way, I say, blackening my teeth on bargain wine.  
The day is hot, though I don't say *a scorcher* anymore.  
The clouds are harmless fur.  
I can't toss embers in the story, I continue,  
can't smear soot across the threshold of my poem.  
You put a burning building down in words and *poof*, your credibility  
combusts.  
You're in the house of symbols now,  
your reader coughing lightly on the artificial heat of *flame*,  
the mealy fleece of *ash*,  
some filamentous, girlish word for smoke.  
It's too *beyond*: too huge to try and kindle with a trope.

And I'm explaining, much too loudly now,  
what has become so obvious in loss:  
that an overworked abstraction might at any moment graduate,  
regenerate inside a color, temperature, or sound,  
the way new altitudes produce a certain mouthfeel,  
or a pearl can form around imagined sand.  
I used to say my *fuse* was short. I *burned* in sun.  
Now I scribble *tinder* and my spine chisels itself into a flue.

So say it plainly, she says, putting down her glass.  
Her arms are arms, material and warm.  
Say he died, she tells the unlit room: Say someone you love died.  
Say someone you love very much died in a fire,  
and say he was twenty-five.  
Say he almost made it out, if you prefer.

I realize I'm so thirsty I could gag.  
I raise my drink and douse my tongue—  
my double-minded halfwit—with its ink.



# SUPPER CONVERSATION

*Alicia Mountain*

Roils like a washing machine  
behind closed doors.  
Rolls over in its death trick, more  
the slower and slower sink trap.  
Callous as a windchill  
but the amber itself, the aging.  
A ghost's hooved foot beneath the sheet.

\*

When the rest are thanksgiving  
slip me exclusively exceeding profanities.  
Big hands. A hare tied up in the bushes.  
The true lensmaker who started smoke—  
caught noon in unfocused ice.  
I'm out twenty miles past Don't Fall  
Into the Fire, sculling the pond.

\*

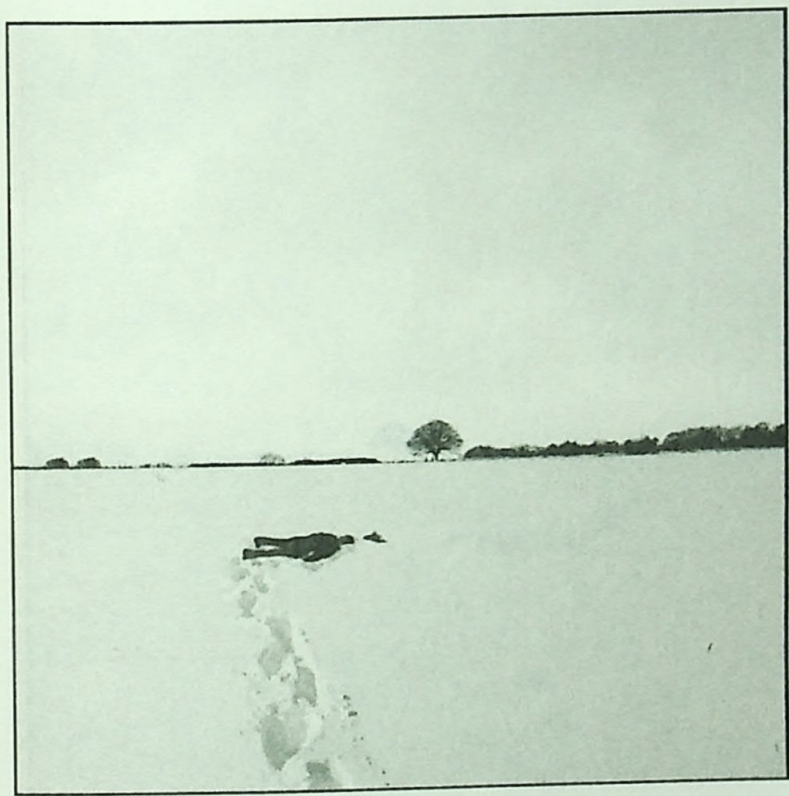
Walked home in boots to save  
the fare, row and row of orchard.  
To have been excused, to have had  
excuse: no.  
My bandana oak tree like licking the ice  
to claim it, like pissing in the street.  
Gaslights hissing for the end of shift,  
that by the bodies overhead this one  
who wants to see can see.



A WEDNESDAY IN  
MARCH, SOMEWHERE IN  
MASSACHUSETTS, MORNING

*Edward Mullany*



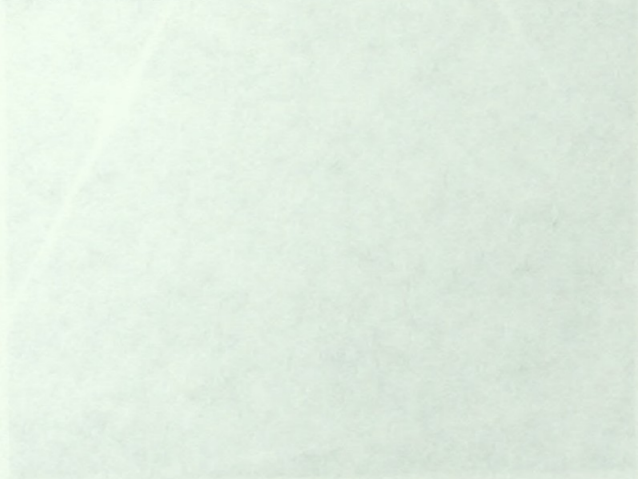
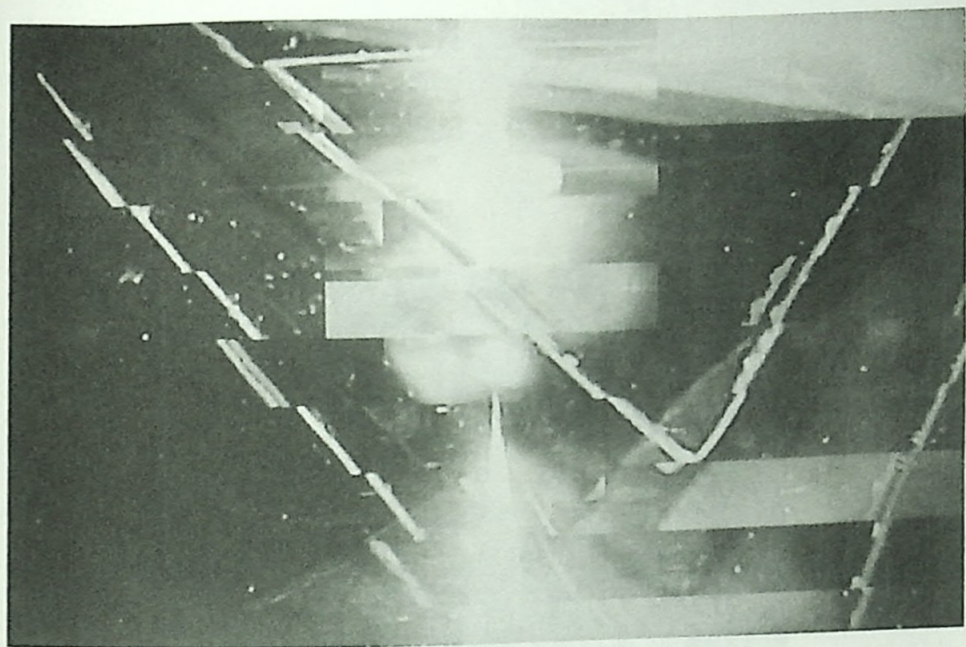




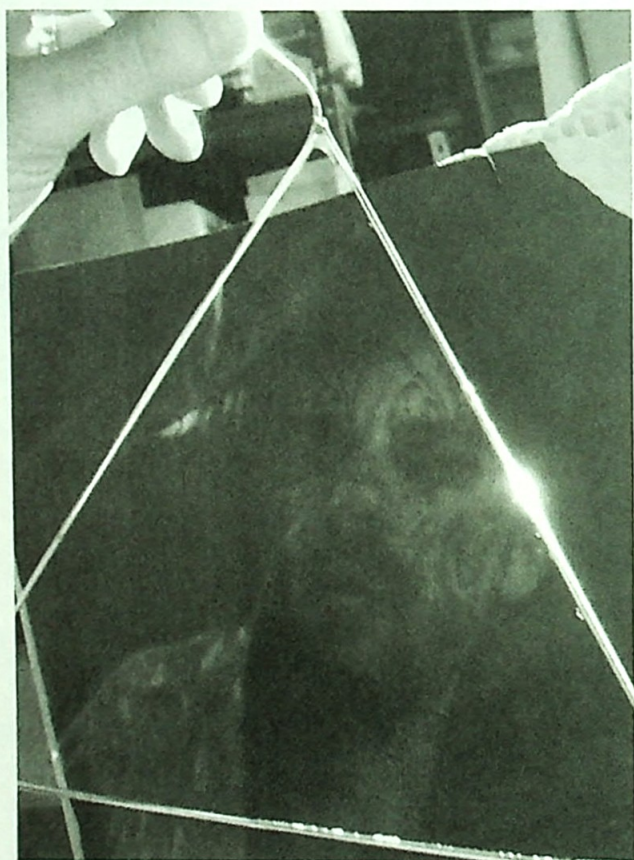








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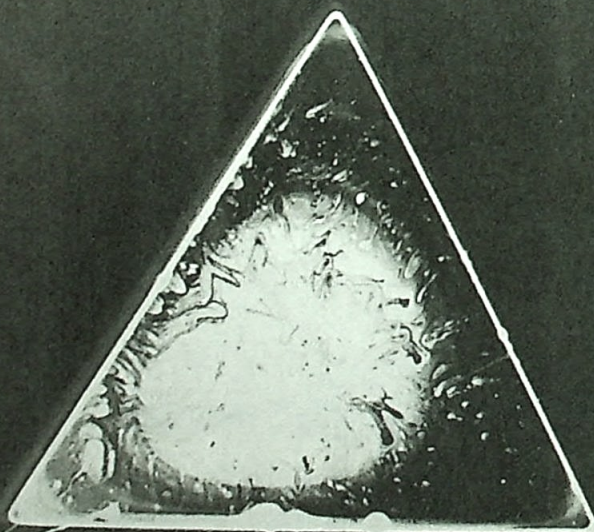


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FROM MIND  
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TO MIND



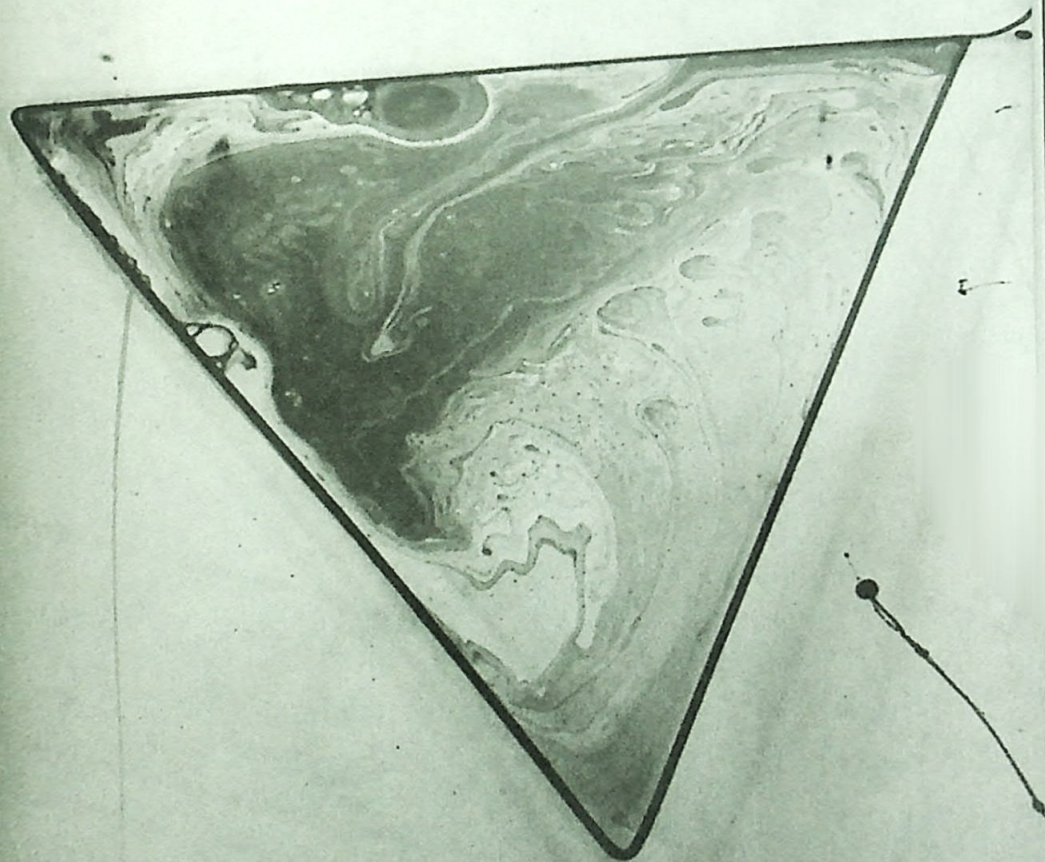
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CASCADE  
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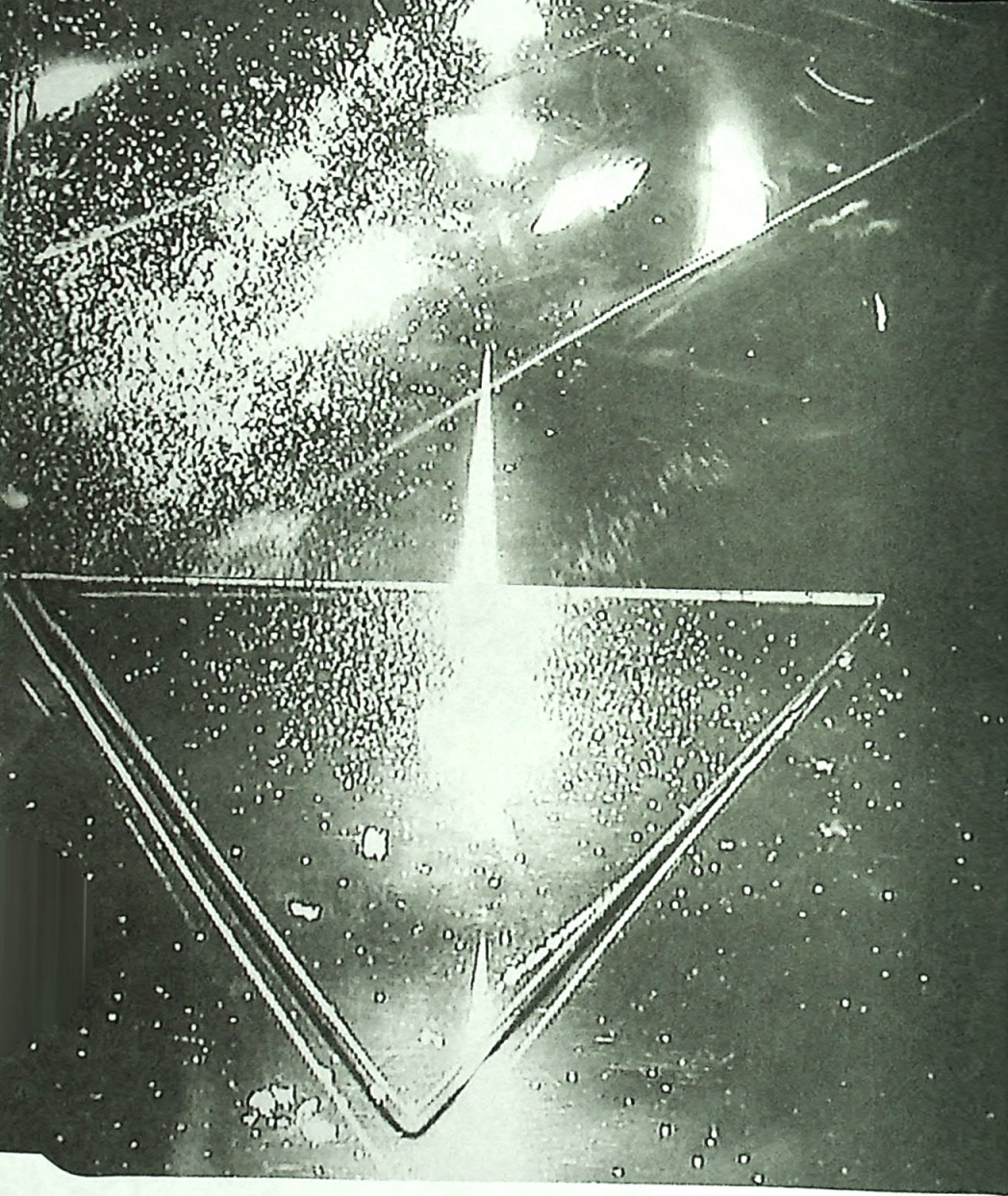
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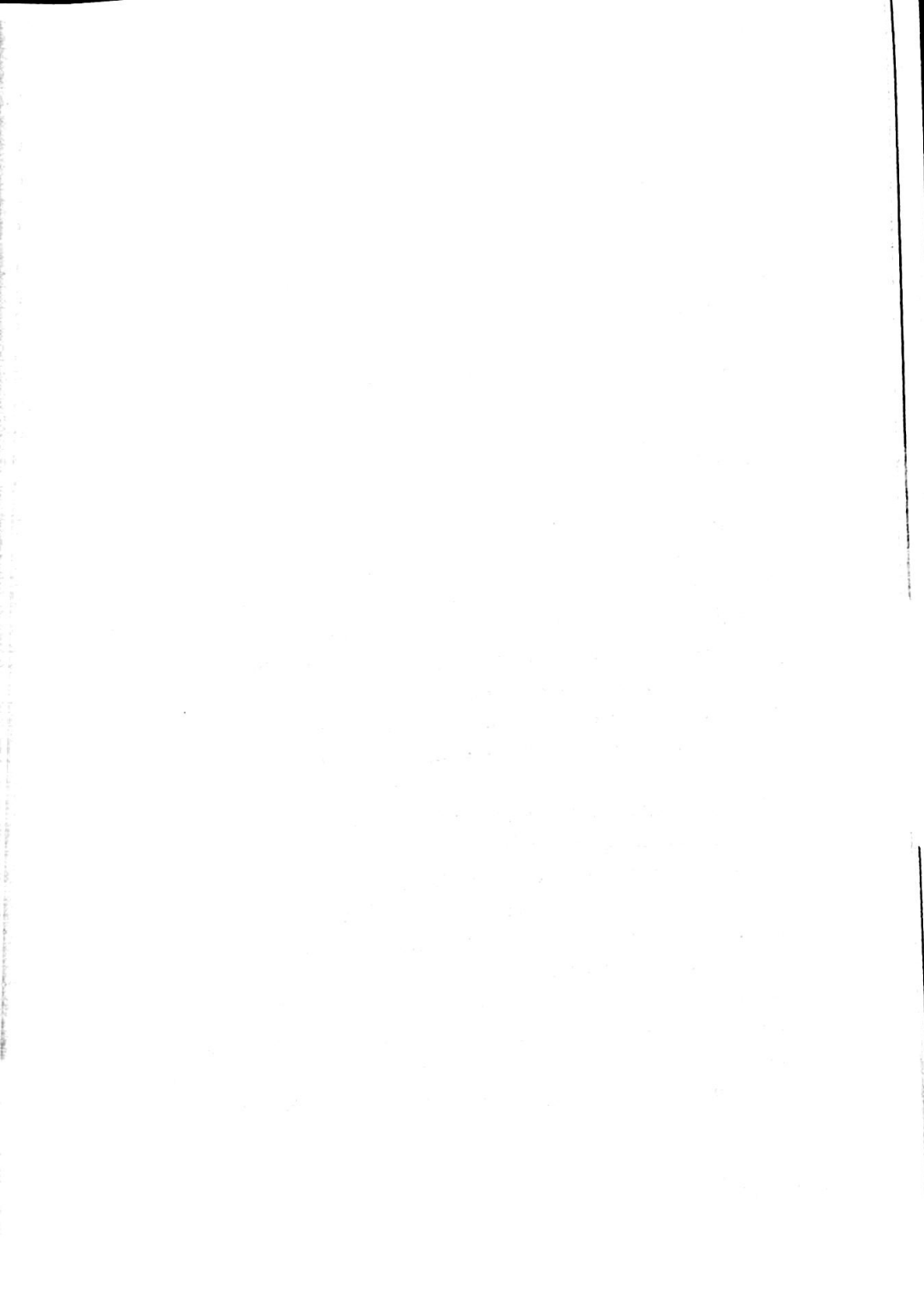








Rick Myers



# AL-KHALIL

Robin Myers

You had to pass through a checkpoint outside the mosque, where the massacre had been. The soldiers took our passports and vanished, which meant we weren't going anywhere soon. Another, at the entrance, sat high as a lookout on a ship. Like most translators, he was the good cop. He greeted the women politely, knew the names of little boys, joked about soccer in Arabic. Shadi watched him darkly. He'd never been to Al-Khalil before and it was some time before he'd tell me what they'd said to each other. *Where are you from?* asked the soldier, in Hebrew. Haifa, said Shadi, in Arabic. *Really,* said the soldier, in Hebrew, *What street?* Abbas, said Shadi, in Arabic. *Look at that,* said the soldier, in Hebrew, *We're neighbors.* And, gesturing to the checkpoint, *How long have you been waiting here?* Sixty years, said Shadi, in Hebrew. *You know what,* said the soldier, in Hebrew, *you people should be grateful to us. Before we came, you didn't even have cars, just camels.* Shadi's grandfather had been a taxi driver, in Arabic. Shadi said nothing, in anything. IDs returned, we made our way down a road where everything was stony and gray and charged with a sort of static unease: skinny cats, a child with one arm, a father who pulled him closer when he saw us. We walked until we met another soldier. An older boy, maybe twelve, hovered by the curb. *Where are you going?* asked the soldier, in Hebrew. *We're just walking,* said Shadi, in Hebrew. *You have to go back,* said the soldier, in Hebrew. Then, *Where are you from?* the soldier asked me,

in English. New York, I said, in English. *Ah, New York*, said the soldier, in English. He gestured to the boy. *Do you know where that is?* the soldier asked the boy, in English. *America*, said the boy, in English. *America*, said the soldier, in English. *Do you love America?* he asked the boy, in English. The boy said nothing, in anything. Of course, there were other things that day. A child flying a kite on a roof; bolts of black cloth threaded with crimson blooms; sweet cheese; a dense, harsh smoke-smell like some kind of fifth-circle marijuana; overheard grates veiling the open-air aisles of the old city, where settlers would sometimes fling rotting food or raw sewage onto passers-by; a roast chicken restaurant we where asked if I could go in to pee; Shadi's voice, in Arabic, greeting the people who told us how to get where we were going—out—as if it were the first time he'd ever come. Which, again, it may have been, although I'm not sure that's what he'd say if you asked him.

# PATIENT

The hospital lives next to the theater, and they share a square with a fountain, nighttime hot dog stand, sculpture of a volcanic Madonna and child. Ushers slouch to smoke, doctors hover to smoke, black shirt and white coat stall, then vanish acrid. The square fills. Crisis, premiere, whatever happens, bodies stand in line. Some pearls and jackets. Some Tupperware. Man in harsh sleep on a stone bench, suitcase beside. Food is part of what they do. Potato chips by the ticket booth, cheese sandwiches in sandwich-bags, Nescafé, tacos till late. The milling-about, the relationships with one's own idle limbs. Most huddle geese-like if they're together. Young pairs shifting feet, camera flash, ragged sob from a parked car. Marquee bulbs. Watch-checks. Clean light in the funeral home across the street. Red roses-in-arms, an off-wheel stretcher tipped drunk against an ambulance. I could go on. It does. I walk through all this most days to see someone I love. I try not to come empty-handed, and sometimes he opens the door before I turn the key.

# WEST 145<sup>TH</sup> STREET

*Edgardo Núñez-Caballero*

Una paz salvaje rodea el tuétano de la anécdota: un elefante entra en un lago, bebe agua por última vez, cierra los ojos, duerme. A esa misma hora, hundido en su sombra prematura, el tren B va a morir a la calle 145. En esto piensa mientras dibuja.

A savage peace envelops the heart of the anecdote: an elephant wades into a lake, drinks water for the last time, closes its eyes, sleeps. At that same time, sunken in its premature shadow, the B train goes to die at 145<sup>th</sup> Street. She thinks about this while she draws.

## 3067 AJMÁTOVA

La fuerza del dibujo viene del centro. Visto a media distancia, es un mapamundi de la guerra fría. Visto de lejos, una canica o un planeta menor con nombre de poeta muerta. Ajmátova, por ejemplo.

The force of the drawing comes from its center. Seen up close, it's a globe from the Cold War. Seen from afar, a marble or a minor planet named after a dead poet. Like Akhmatova, for example.

*Translated by Tess C. Rankin*



# LANDSCAPE DESTROYED TOWARD THE VILLAGE

*Ted Powers*

It is unclear where I should start.  
My head is heavy with sand.  
I will not share it.  
It clumps together in the surf.  
My head is heavy like a village  
sheep have wandered off from.  
They have no idea what awaits them.  
My head is heavy, is sand  
strangers trudge through  
knowing more than me.  
I have set many traps,  
I have punched a cartographer.  
A single hoop earring washes  
up on shore and nothing clarifies  
the problem of distance. Our maps  
will outlast us says the cartographer,  
his mouth filling up with blood.  
They're like children, he says  
then quickly switches topics.

# NEON IN A MIDNIGHT COUNTRY

Each day when he woke up and looked out the window he could tell the landslide had moved an incremental distance towards him. He went about his day mildly disturbed.

Each night in his dreams a landslide moved quickly away. Wait! Wait! he shrieked as he chased after it, but it was no more than a point in the distance.

When it disappeared over the horizon he woke up and looked out the window to see the landslide had moved incrementally closer. He went about his day mildly disturbed.

The man was struck with a thought. *Perhaps the right amount of paper, slid neatly under one leg of the desk, would fix its distracting wobble...*

He pondered this at night, tucked in among the flowers.

# MAP OF WATER

*Ruth Antoinette Rodriguez*

It began as a blank landscape.  
You crying.  
This no longer holding  
in the palm of your hand.  
Your record is a constant fire.  
Your record is a line  
the ocean draws  
in its longing to shore.  
I communicate longing  
like the ocean. I cannot  
communicate longing.  
You are somewhere else.  
Your skull turned.  
You are all shoulders.  
My night bones flailing.  
My heart in grief motion.  
Say *skull* like waving.  
The black of my hands,  
my defense, my family.  
My family is a body  
of water the ocean draws  
in its longing to shore.  
Hands oceans.  
My birthstone,  
my own death strings,  
my body.  
What pit, what spine,  
what earth's burning?

Our dead strewn  
in their copper paintings.  
Black the hands  
of the old masters.  
Earth's capability to hold water.  
Earth's no longer holding  
water. The ocean no longer  
holding ground.

# SOMNAMBULA ATLAS

I remember watching an octopus  
watching the myth unfold  
through the ancient waters  
and how he could always feel  
the blankness through  
each pucker of the earth  
and all at once.

An axe drawn too close to your teeth.  
A splinter in your belly button.  
This is the blue black void of gravity  
undulating around you. This is a sign  
to fail in some undertaking.

This is me with your antique  
fitting the map to the place  
where we gave in as many shadows  
what this time, this day wants.  
Each amber ichor of light, each  
dissimulated cartwheel shadow.  
At no point you think  
to open your eyes to see  
a dream occurrence.  
No sky but this scene  
in actual bees.

You need not a stereoscope  
to know a landscape that isn't  
even a landscape.

You need not breathe or walk  
or see deeper into this.

You need not crutch  
or tumble or meanwhile.

This is the moment you realize  
you aren't going home.

You are dreaming of an octopus.  
This is one of eighty of eighty one places on the map.  
Where do sea creatures bury their dead?

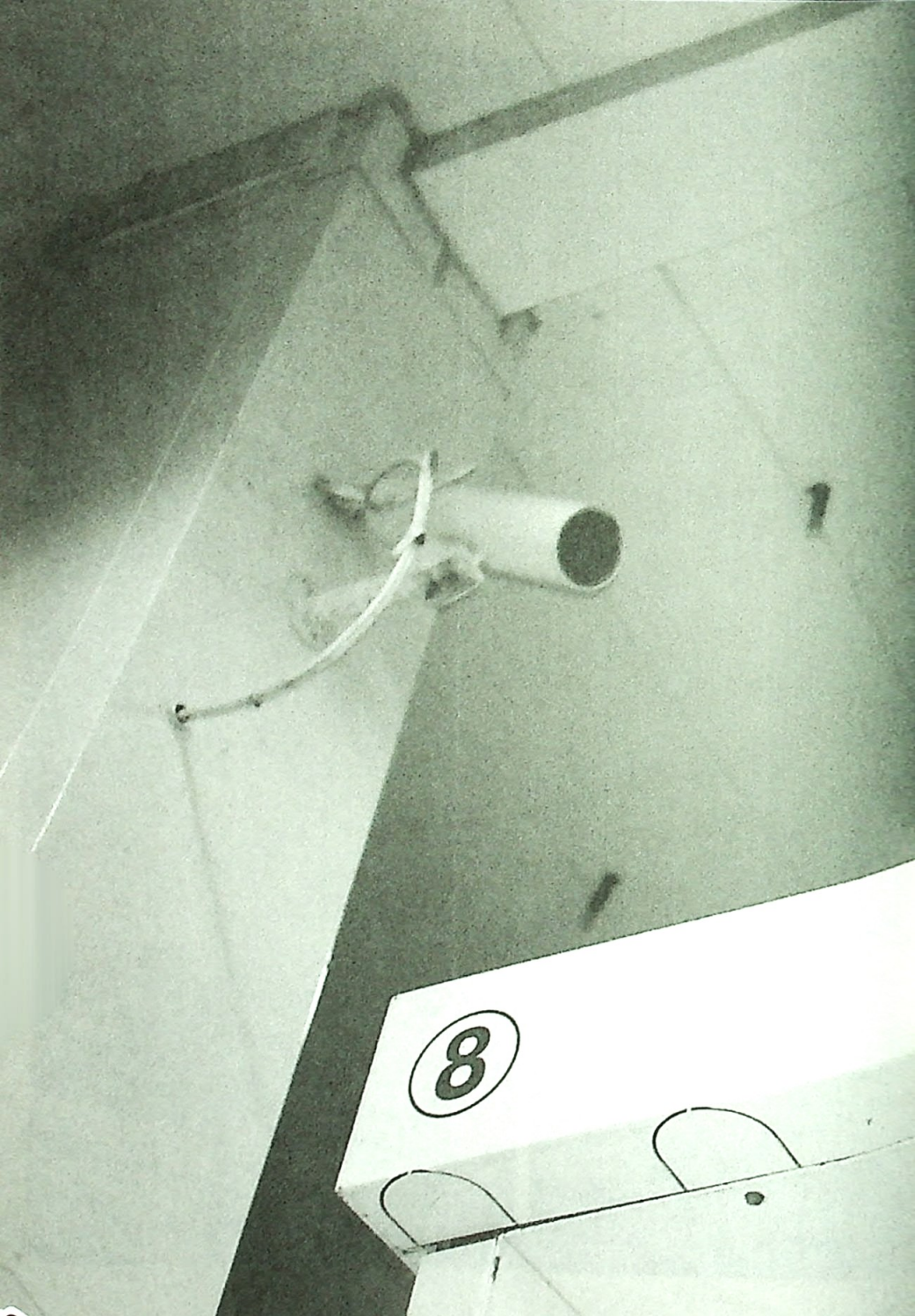
# PHOTOGRAPHS

*Raisa Sandstrom*



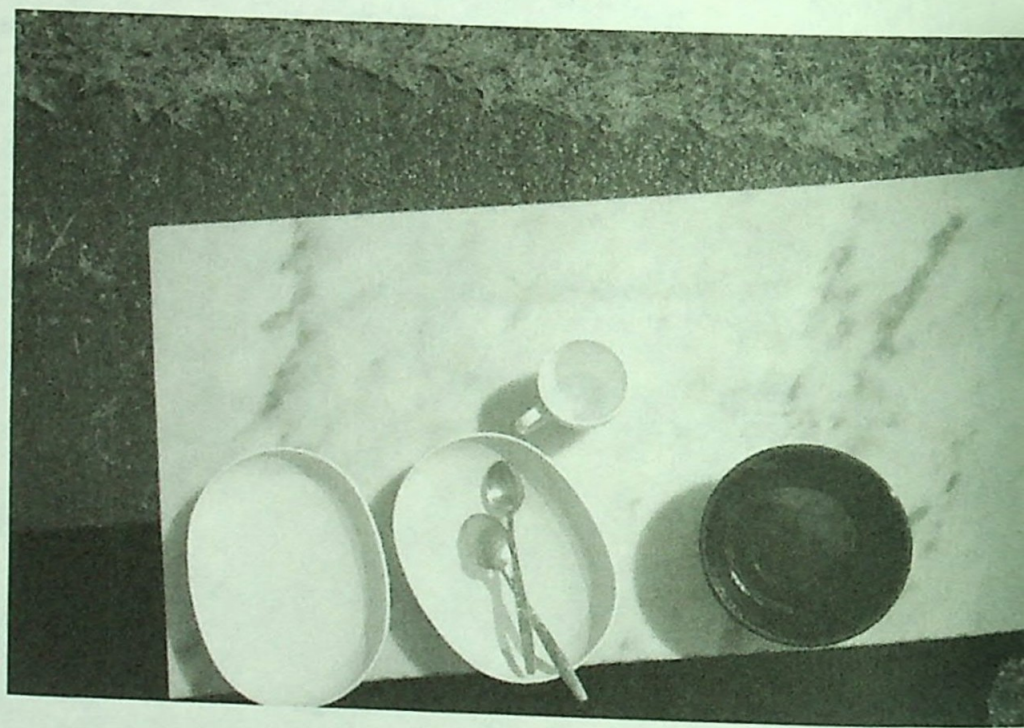








**self**









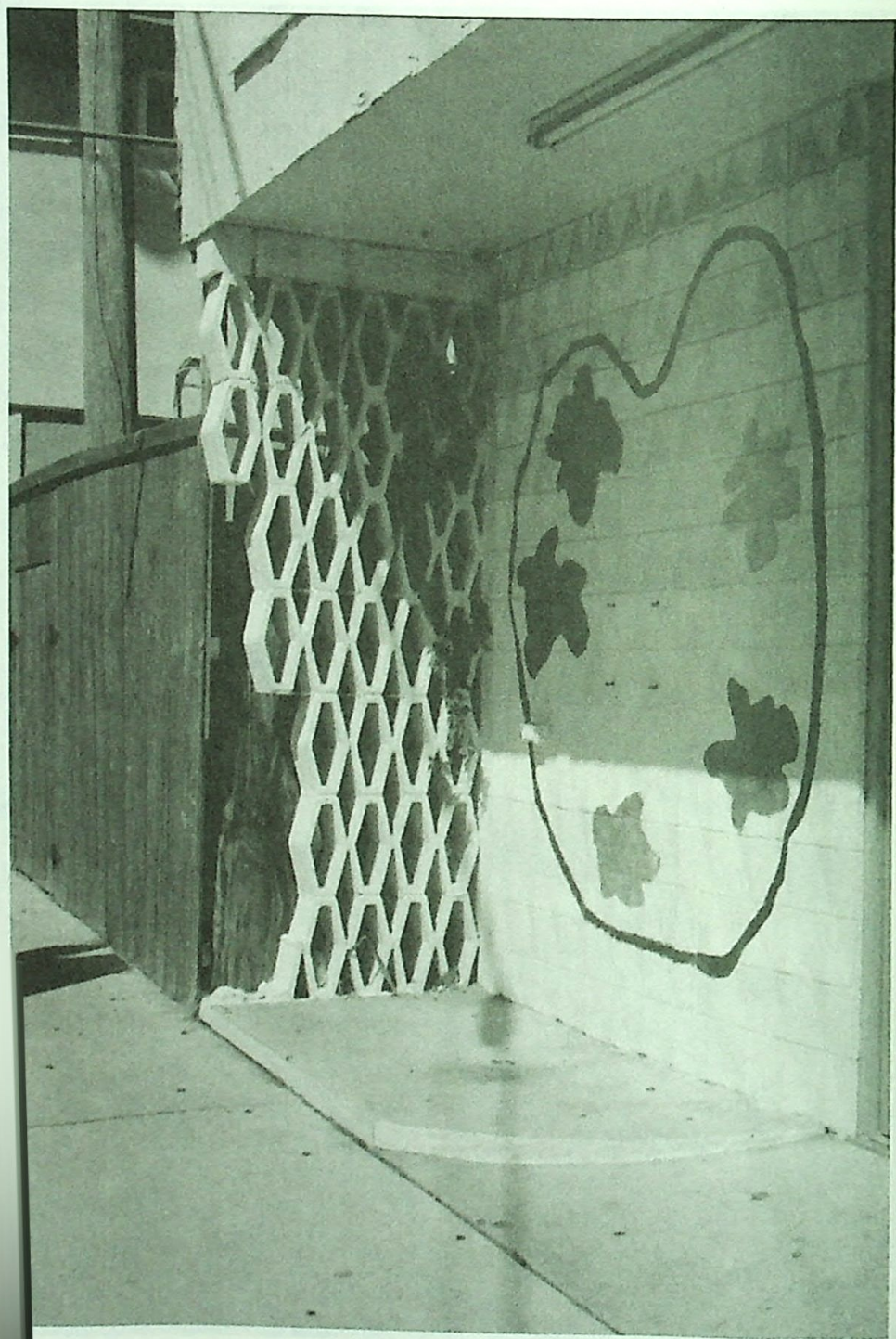












titles in sequence:

MORNING SELF  
TWEDE'S

SENSE OF/AWARE

CIRCLE MUSEUM STILL LIFE

THE REENACTMENT

WHILE YOU ARE AWAY

BEAVER BROOK

DOGS WITH FRIENDS

TYBEE



ALWAYS WAS BEING SO ALWAYS  
AROUND US THAT WE HAD TO PUT  
ALWAYS ON THE INSIDES OF US

*Kent Shaw*

We are building a new ocean here. With walkways. And terra cotta.  
And marble staircases.

Maybe some marble carved in the shape of a dome.

Or the façade of a dome that is breaking apart.

It is an ocean trying to be a calm ocean. An ocean at night.

An ocean inside us, like always, like always, like thinking always is  
one continuous motion.

Maybe it isn't.

The ocean is people. Men mainly. With open voices.

And all of the men were hired to build a corner of the ocean so at night  
they could be an ocean.

Swollen men. Throated men. The men of sleep being sleep.

Sometimes laughter. Cruel laughter that peaks and pulls back at the  
windows of a second floor apartment.

Oceans are never calm. We have to build and keep the calm at bay.

Who would invite calm? Who would wisdom when they could ocean  
instead?

Calm does not have a mind.

It is a long valley between mountains. The people there crowd against  
other people.

They like it that way.

A city with street lights all facing the sky.  
They perform beautiful ceremonies.  
Laughter would never live there. Neither would sleep.  
Only people looking through windows at other people. How many  
nights till it ends?

# SIFAR

## *Scherezade Siobhan*

How I faltered into your luminescence corrupting the midnight waters!  
To swim moonwards was a separate warfare between me & the trellis of  
nerves soldiering your skin.

+

My body's tilted abecedary, it's primal mezzotint. The risen only speak  
in tongues of roses & wolves.

+

Spin my silk from the dark folio of crow-scooped salt pans. The oil lamps  
rephrased in the *qasida* of dark doves.

+

Somewhere the storm collared the houses, shook the groves of hunter's  
green into its own mosaic of liquid gold. Somewhere else, a buffalo limped  
ahead of lightning's ruthless telepathy.

+

I remember my mother shuttering all the windows, unplugging electronics  
away from their glittering tensions. Our home slowly closing in on me like  
the tobacco-rotted brownyellow whorl of His mouth.

+

jubilat

I want to say I love You, but instead this photograph of *dasht-e-margo* - hillspeech cognitions of terra-cotta, a hawk descending upon the stone like a blind archangel.

+

From distance, I swallow the rain down to its slowest blade and still can't tell if I am the thinned silver of God's fallen tongue or its bloody song.

# from SOLAR TRAUMA

*Philip Sorenson*

It was the first week of winter. It was a tan plastic mouthpiece. It was roller skates and jean jackets. It was ham radio and beards. White eyebrows. Intercoms like those in suburban kitchens. Sunlight on a newborn black eye. The characters could only imagine a blue barrel, the way into deep snow, hillsides. Why a blue barrel? Chevron, flammable, a lighter blue in the sky. What are those? Green, orange, white, tan and then conclusions sometimes red.

\* \* \*

The characters were always asking where the characters were. One minute the characters would be standing in a long hallway stacked with cardboard boxes and green cylinders. Then the characters would realize the characters were missing. From some other room: television. Old taped game shows. They loved to watch the yellow-orange kerosene dumped into the snow. The characters hauled their flamethrowers like sick question marks across the thresholds of their rooms. And then later the characters were standing with their face covered in a mask and snow goggles, around a car-sized block of pink soapy ice.

\* \* \*

The characters swept around the compound in roller skates and tight jeans. The characters listened to Stevie Wonder. Later, the characters attempted to build a ship that could take them to other places. Soon a bird would land, and they could be a bird. Soon they could be a jaguar or a bear. Soon the characters could be. And everything could be the characters. The characters wished to be tied up by the fantasy cannibal



vampire. The characters were soon living mostly underground as giants and spider-heads, and floating freely on currents of recycled air. The characters were perfecting themselves. They were their own delicacy: dream surgeons. Soon the characters could look up through the ice from their pod and see the stars: swim, congeal, perfect.

\* \* \*

The characters wondered about freedom and completeness. They thought in key words, a prison, "aethereal rumours." They imagined themselves actionless, sailing away—starry horizons where perpetuity seemed welcoming and warming, a gulf, a peacock sign, nothing escaping from the iris. The characters pressed their belly against the icy floor and stared under the door; the characters felt whole and at ease, free. They saw feet passing down the hall.

\* \* \*

The characters dreamed of a vampire planet. There were dunes and there was the sound, something at first they didn't notice. A scratching of metal against metal. Afterwards, it was all they could think of when they thought of the dream: the scratching, like a phone ringing in your sleep, or discovering that your tent has a leak—a solution. The giant's skull, a clue, underneath the ship, they remembered this too: a dream of eating.

\* \* \*

What is it like? Yes. The characters remembered the mouth. Songs, teeth, the words themselves. Everything lives there. The characters could become an apple seed. And down they went to meet the others, into the dark themselves. Certainly: refuse, some small waste, a pool of fibers, a tattered and stained shirt and trousers hidden in the incinerator or left

buried in the snow. But afterwards, everyone gathered under the ice. There's your father; he gave you a note and then another, and you made the noises just like him.

# *from* HOUSE

*Lindsey Webb*

Gaps in understanding become lavender gaps, morello cherries. The porous rhythm of human sentences. They tell me they reserved space for the elevators of the future, and wouldn't you know they proof perfectly. I love that public space reserves a hole. I love the sleeve of a miracle. Though I'm dead I dream elevators constrict my body the higher they go. This is a covered version of a sentence.

Though I try to move beyond the simple "there is," I can't leave aside the map. For example, in the top right corner "there is" a young person standing on the couch, putting on their pants, quickly checking the cat. In the bottom left corner, an old man in denim touches the grass of the yard. Sleep is also not without narrative. Purl of radio, yellow domestic shorthair. Each night, the floors of the house are rearranged. Each morning beetles pour from the edge of the "there is."

# VIEWS FROM RUMINANT CREATURES

Sarah Wolfson

Oh impossible world of small gods' eyes: midnight mother, alfalfa  
and the moon. All algae-bloom apology and a traveller who appears  
in time for dinner. Birds in the rafters denote ecstatic updrafts.  
Cubed bread in a basket stands for a wayward body. Say rain. Say  
borne. Say what is in the silos. Say barn fire over and over  
until you yourself spark. Then go sleep in the creek bed. What wafts  
from the kitchen wafts from heaven. Is something only a visitor says.  
The weaver takes weft to heartstrings *It's only yarn It's only yarn*  
she sings to soothe herself. The loom is a harp is a heart. *I love you*  
*more than the space between planets* claims the child but she's  
uncomfortable knowing the center of the planet is liquid. The cub.  
The cud. The clubbed fable, its mossy covers. The collective bundle.  
In sunlit corners small winter-selves spin fuzzy, bright omnipotence  
on grubby fingers. In these parts a bump is considered a blessing.  
Certain birds says the child expand the world with buckthorn.  
Say hay. Say hi. Say hive. Say here.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Historical deduction of seats from the stool to the Sofa.*

*—A Schoolboy's ramble—A walk in the country.—  
The scene described.—Rural sounds as well as sights  
delightful.—Another walk.—Mistake concerning the  
charms of solitude corrected.—Colonnades commended.  
—Alcove, and the view from it.—The wilderness.—  
The grove.—The thresher.—The necessity and the  
benefits of exercise.—The works of nature superior to,  
and in some instances inimitable by, art.—The wea-  
risomeness of what is commonly called a life of plea-  
sure.—Change of scene sometimes expedient.—A com-  
mon described, and the character of crazy Kate in-  
troduced.—Gipsies.—The blessings of civilized life.—  
That state most favourable to virtue.—The South  
Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai.—His  
present state of mind supposed.—Civilized life friendly  
to virtue, but not great cities.—Great cities, and  
London in particular, allowed their due praise, but  
censured.—Fête champêtre.—The book concludes with  
a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and  
effeminacy upon our public measures.*

Argument to Book 1, "The Sofa," of *The Task*, first published in William Cowper's *Poems in 2 Volumes* in 1785 by Joseph Johnson of London. This version is from the "new edition" of 1811, printed for Johnson and Co. An "Argument" accompanies each of the poem's six books. Robert Southey's "Life of the Author" appeared in the *Works of William Cowper in 8 Volumes*, published by H.G. Bohn of London, 1853.

## Appearances of Eternal Presence

For better or worse I have to fall in love with writers' lives alongside their writing. Ideally, life and work manifest a tenuous, skeptical attitude toward sociality: periods of remove, stretches of seclusion. I like a lot of doubt, but also celebration—of the outpost, hermitage, the fringe. William Cowper is a new interest, precisely because, as one critic declares, "his biography doesn't hold one's attention easily." Cowper was powerfully sad, both as human and poet. "The latter end of next month will complete a period of eleven years in which I have spoke no other language," he wrote in 1784, age fifty-three, as if despair was the remote dialect of a country one vacationed through but wound up stuck in, which of course it is. He was intermittently institutionalized and lived most of his life in the houses of friends, often as the companion to persons elderly and female. To amuse one such acquaintance, Lady Austen, he wrote *The Task*, a poem in six books of blank verse, "the most difficult species of poetry that I have ever meddled with." The Lady's salvo: write about a sofa. Opposite is the "argument" to Cowper's first book—part coming attraction, part TOC. Like all such paratexts, intriguing logics operate. As with the contents of Cowper's *Life and Works*—an eight-volume behemoth assembled by Robert Southey—these are not fragments or shards, not flakes of the whole, but mysterious incidents in and of themselves. *Historical deduction of seats from the stool to the Sofa* (Cowper). *The small-pox relieves his eyes* (Southey). Inventories instigate presences. *The wilderness—The grove—The thresher*. A bracing, moral wind blows through. *Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities*. (Cowper's spatial politics are sometimes reactionary, but in a musing, baffled sort of way; his pastoral vision sketches social belonging as loose, casual, temporary, personal—a way of being with the world, with language, with readers.) The "plan" of *The Task*, Cowper said, was that "the reflections are naturally suggested always by the preceding passage." But how oddly our thoughts stick one to one; how they accumulate, scatter, and clump; how assorted, patchy, definite, abstract, indulgent, indicting the movement of mind may be. *Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected*. Thinking is a *fête champêtre* in the life-mind, a vast rural party where words cavort, retreat, dissolve, go shy, and dance.

—HANNAH BROOKS-MOTL

# CONTRIBUTORS

HELENE ACHANZAR is a writer and educator from Chicago. She is a Kundiman fellow and a John and Renée Grisham fellow at the University of Mississippi.

RYŪNOSUKE AKUTAGAWA (1892-1927) was a Japanese short-story writer who wrote such notable works as *Rashōmon*, *In a Grove*, *Kappa*, and *Hell Screen*. Japan's premier literary prize for emerging writers, the Akutagawa Prize, bears his name.

DANIEL BORZUTSKY's latest poetry collection is *Lake Michigan*. He is the author of *The Performance of Becoming Human*, recipient of the 2016 National Book Award for Poetry. His translation of Galo Ghigliotto's *Valdivia* won the American Literary Translator's Association 2017 National Translation Award. He lives in Chicago.

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SOMMER BROWNING writes poems, draws comics, and says jokes in Denver. She is the author of *Everything But Sex*,

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HENRI COLE, born in Fukuoka, Japan, is the author of many collections; among them are *Touch: Poems*, and Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize-winning *Blackbird and Wolf*, and Pulitzer Prize winner *Middle Earth*. He's taught at Ohio State University, Harvard University, and Yale University. He lives in Boston, Massachusetts. He cites Hart Crane as an early influence.

SHANNA COMPTON's most recent book is *Brink. The Hazard Cycle*, a book-length speculative poem, is forthcoming. New work is appearing in the *Nation*, *American Poetry Review*, and the *Brooklyn Rail*. She works as a freelance book designer in NJ.



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[hunt.com](http://hunt.com) and @batworthy.

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MARK LEIDNER's forthcoming book is the short story collection, *Under The Sea*, published by Tyrant Books.

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ROBIN MYERS is based in Mexico City and works as a translator. Her poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in the *Berlin Quarterly*, *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, the *Cold Mountain Review*, and the *Washington Square Review*.

EDGARDO NÚÑEZ-CABALLERO is a poet, translator, and musician. He is the author of three books of poetry: *Esa arena que caía en los relojes*, *La*

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TED POWERS is the author of *Manners* and *Please Light Up*.

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SCHEREZADE SIOBHAN is an award-winning psychologist, community catalyst, and a writer. She runs "The Talking Compass" ([www.thetalking-compass.com](http://www.thetalking-compass.com))—a therapeutic practice created to provide affordable mental health. She can be found squeeing about militant bunnies at @zaharaesque on twitter/fb/IG. Website : [www.zaharaesque.com](http://www.zaharaesque.com)

PHILIP SORENSON is the author of two full-length collections, *Of Empodies*, and *Solar Trauma*, and a shorter work, *New Recordings*. He co-edits, with Olivia Cronk, *The Journal Petra*.

LINDSEY WEBB's poems and other writings have appeared in *Sixth Finch*, *Asymptote*, and *Tammy*, among others. She received a fellowship from Vermont Studio Center and lives in Iowa City.

SARAH WOLFSON's poems appear in Canadian and American journals including *The Fiddlehead*, *West Branch*, *AGNI*, and *PRISM international*.

A two-time Pushcart nominee, she holds an MFA from the University of Michigan. Originally from Vermont, she now lives in Montreal. Language in "Views from Ruminant Creatures" was inspired by Don Mitchell's book *Flying Blind: One Man's Adventures Battling Buckthorn, Making Peace with Authority, and Creating a Home for Endangered Bats*.

# PLACES JUBILAT LIKES TO VISIT:

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### HUMAN RIGHTS DECLARATION

**1** All humans are born free + equal! **2** Everyone has the right to do what they want without interrupting others! **3** No slavery! **4** "Rule of Law" you have to follow (even the president must follow the law)! **5** Equal protection to all! **6** President cannot act without the people! **7** All humans should have the right to vote! **8** Freedom of religion! **9** Public services (transportation, firefighters, magnet-

ic trains)! **10** Social order (good police)! **11** Free healthcare + good doctors! **12** Public world wide WIFI (right to social media! No WIFI no life)! **13** Right to work for a living wage! **14** Military that protects the people! **15** Freedom of religion—free to worship your own god! **16** Freedom of speech and expression! **17** No violence! **18** No war! **19** Peaceful protest! **20** Freedom of secular education! **21** No racists in school + no bullying!

*Press Press* is an interdisciplinary publishing initiative established in 2014. *Press Press's* publishing practice is organized around two key goals: first, to shift and deepen the understanding of voices, identities, and narratives that have been suppressed or misrepresented by the mainstream, so far focusing on immigration and race in the United States; and second, to build networks of relationships through publishing practices centered on self-representation and gathering. Through an understanding of publishing as the act of gathering a public, *Press Press's* streams of work include public cultural programming, an open-access publishing studio that's based on an Exchange Economy, publishing workshops in an immigrant & refugee only space, and the ongoing production of print and digital publications. *Press Press* operates out of a storefront studio and library in Baltimore, MD.

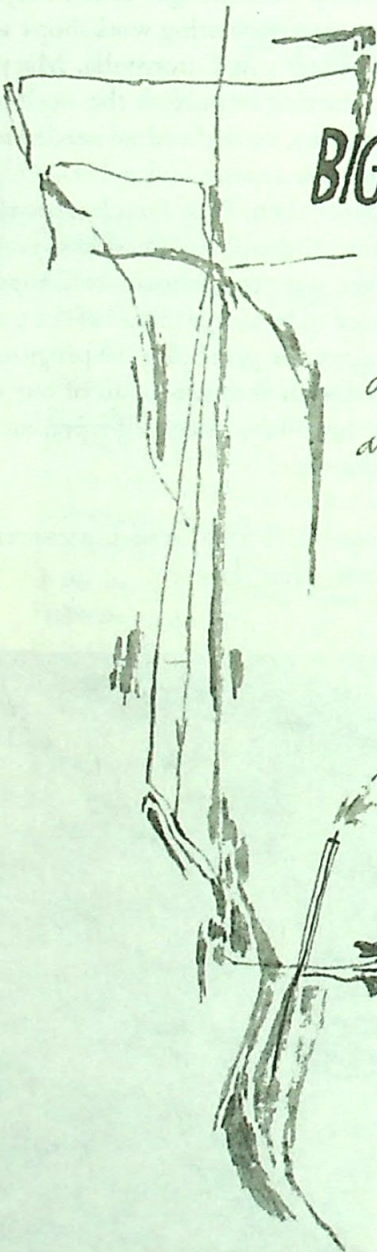


**HISTORY:** In 2014, *Press Press* started its partnership with Refugee Youth Project by holding creative writing workshops with a group of teens in Catonsville, Maryland. When starting to publish the work of our collaborators, we realized we needed to give our initiative a name, and so *Press Press* was born. Since then, *Press Press* has broadened its activities beyond the after-school program. However, our after-school workshops have continued to be a large thread of our practice as we carry the principles the program was initiated with throughout all of our work: embracing collaboration, self-representation, and difference.

More info can be found at [www.presspress.info](http://www.presspress.info)  
or @press\_press\_bmore



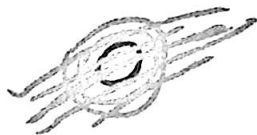




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